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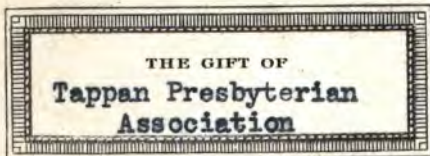
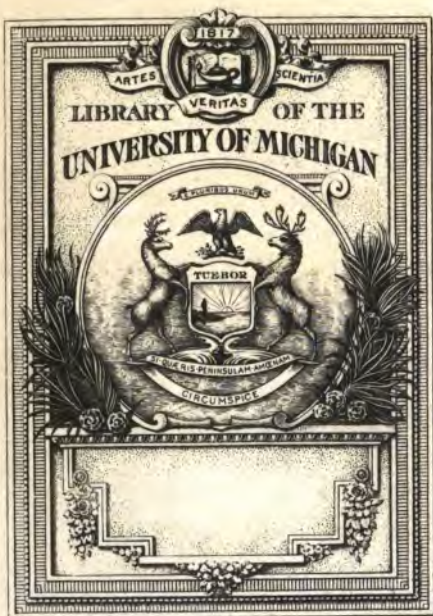
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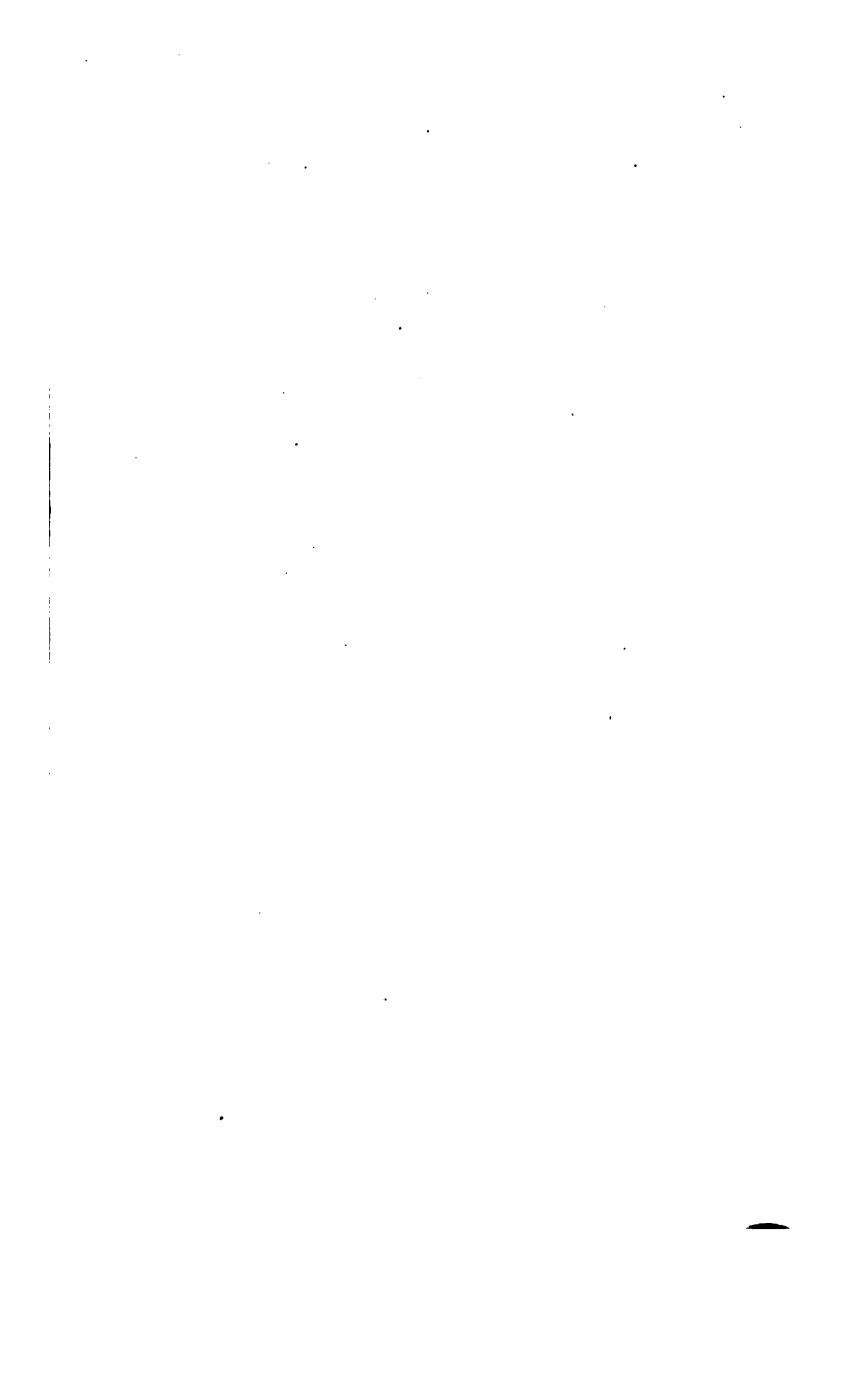
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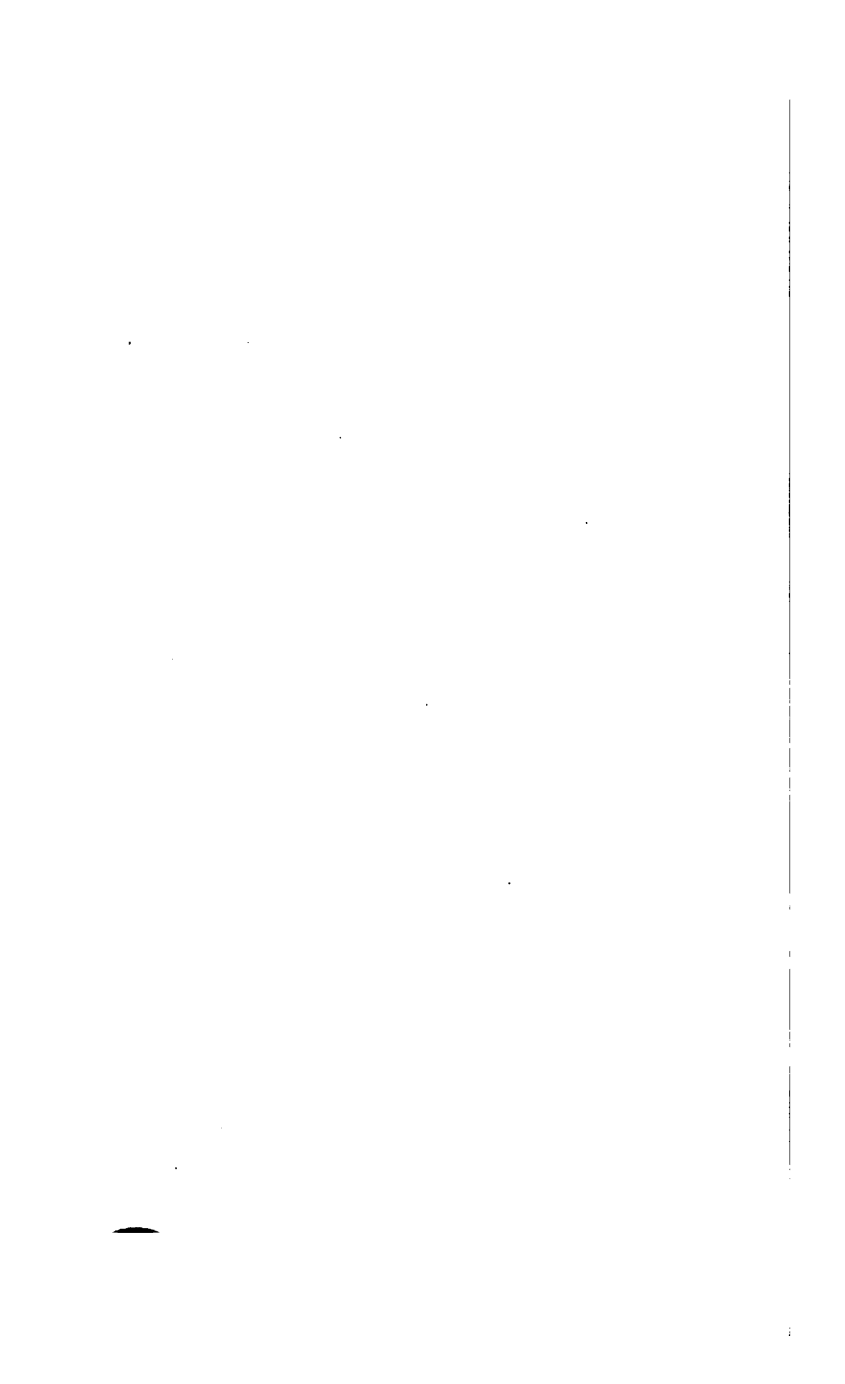
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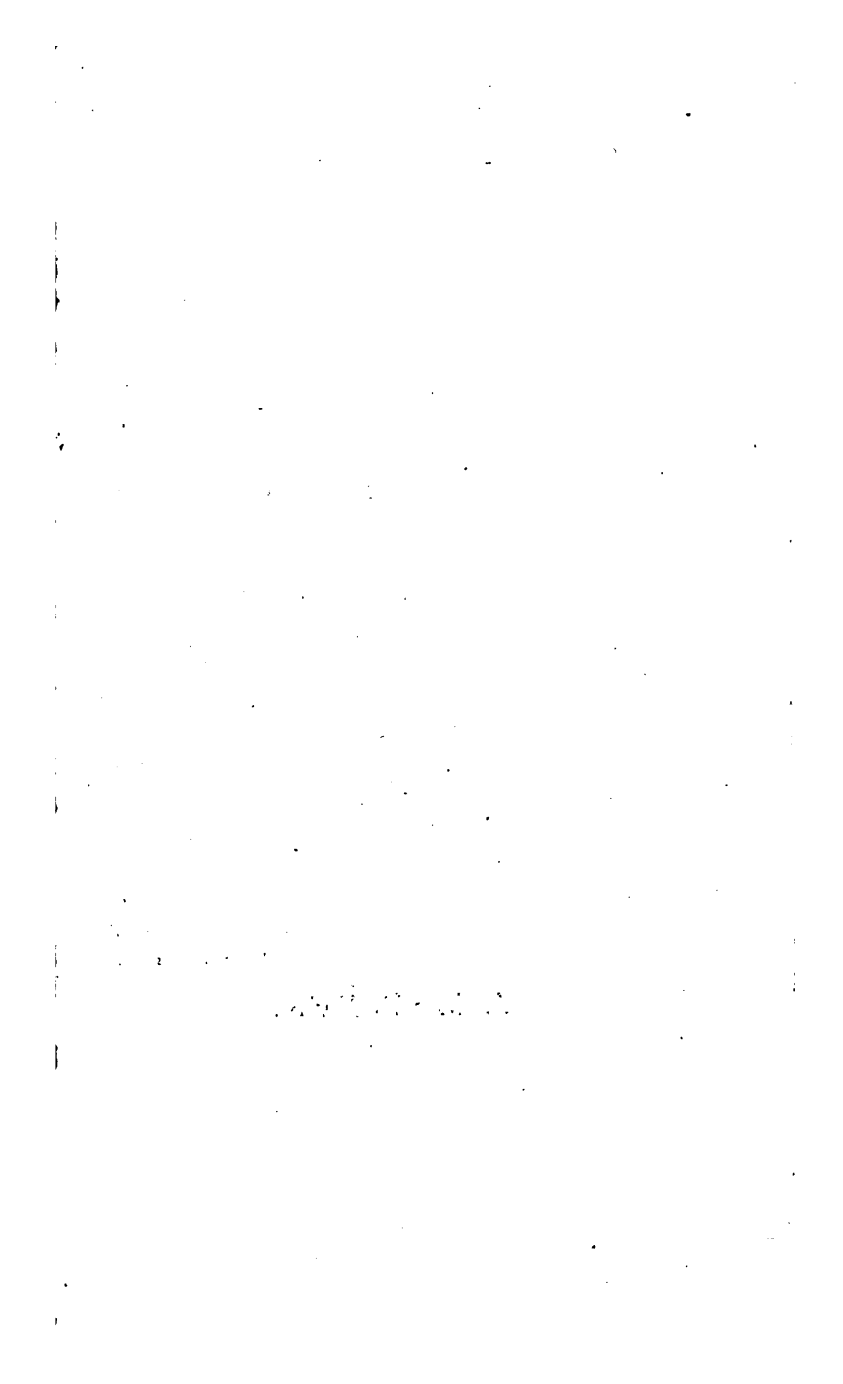
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Paul & Thomas, print.

J. MARSDEN.



3076.
LEISURE HOURS;
OR
POEMS,
MORAL,
RELIGIOUS, & DESCRIPTIVE.

BY JOSHUA MARSDEN,
MISSIONARY.

.....In a Roman mouth the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the same :
Hence British poets too the piousness share,
And every hallowed Druid was a bard,
But no prophetic fires to me belong,
I play with syllables and sport in song.....Cooper.

NEW-YORK:

**PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY GRIFFIN
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Paul & Thomas, Printers.

.....
1842.

District of New-York, ss.

(L. S.) BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 19th day of August, in the thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Josiah Mariden, Missionary*, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words and figures following, to wit:

"Leisure Hours; Or Poems, Moral, Religious, and Descriptive. *By Josiah Mariden, Missionary.*"

.....In a Roman mouth the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the same:
Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
And every hallowed Druid was a bard.
But no prophetic fires to me belong,
I play with syllables and sport in song....*Cowper.*

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

CHARLES CLINTON,
Clerk of the District of New-York.

Gift
Tappan Dist. Assoc.
1-22-1933

A
BRIEF MEMOIR
OF THE
AUTHOR'S LIFE.



WHENEVER any particular subject affords us either profit or pleasure, we are sometimes induced to inquire to whom we are indebted for the satisfaction we have felt, or the benefit we have received. But the author of these little effusions, has hardly the vanity to think they will afford much of either, save to his friends, who may admit his sincerity, and make candid allowance for his deficiencies. However, as his present friends are not acquainted with his past life, he deems it on the one hand a duty, and on the other a pleasure, to furnish them with such an outline as may, at least, expand their hearts with gratitude to God, and love to the bleeding Reconciler, for his boundless grace to the chief of sinners.

I was born in the year 1777, on the pleasant banks of the river Mercey, near Liverpool in England; my father, though descended from a good family, was at

MS. A. 3. 6. 5. 0

that time a poor man, having wasted, through want of economy, a competent patrimonial inheritance; but I forbear blame. My mother, who descended from Scottish parents, was a woman of high spirits, mixed with some fear of God. I had one brother and a sister, both older than myself. But alas! family religion we had none: it is true, my father attended the established church, and read the word of God every Sabbath-evening in the family. My mother, who had more light, though as little, or perhaps less, true piety than my father, was nevertheless solicitous to instruct her children, at least by her precepts, in the fear of the Lord. She taught us to pray, and would reprove and correct us for doing wrong; but not being acquainted with the way of God herself, she could not lead our minds into the divine path. From my infant years the Holy Spirit darted some scintillations of heavenly light into my mind; but my disposition, ardent, passionate, and thoughtless, plunged me into a variety of boyish vices; hence I paid but little attention either to my book, my duty, or my parents, except while the rod of parental authority was brandished over my head.

When I was twelve years old, my mother became deeply awakened, and roused to a lively concern for the salvation of her soul, by reading that solemn book, *Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted*. She immediately went to a pious minister of the establishment, was by him more fully instructed in the way of the Lord, joined

his church, and in a little time found the pearl of divine and solid peace. The fire thus kindled, warmed her heart with an ardent desire for the salvation of her husband and children. Prayer was set up in the family, and my father, merely moral, consented to attend the same church. All things then seemed to go on pleasantly, till death, unrelenting death, visited us; my brother, a fine youth of nineteen, the family's hope, and my mother's favourite, was killed by a fall from his horse; he had been at the funeral of her whom he loved; they were buried in the same grave. "Woes come in clusters." My father sickened and died, and I was left an orphan at the age of fourteen, to the care of a mother, at once pious, diligent, prudent, and careful, but in straitened circumstances. My father during his life had a little annuity, but that ceased at his death; however, Providence, all bountiful Providence, still provided. O that I had then hearkened to his commandments! Having now no father to control me, I became very wicked; corrupt nature, evil company, and satanic temptation, hurried me on in the way of ruin. My affectionate and pious mother was deeply grieved; reproof succeeded entreaty, and warning reproof; yea, with strong cries and tears would she plead with God in my behalf. Oh, my God, why didst thou not plunge the sinner into everlasting ruin! To such a pitch would the enmity of my nature rise, that I was nearly led to blaspheme God.

and curse my pious parent. Alas, what is man? a wretch, a worm, the sport of every vice! O how I envied those that were allowed an unchecked career of sin. Compelled to go to church, I invented a thousand false excuses; obliged to be reprov'd, I retorted upon God's people the charge of hypocrisy; accused by conscience, I pleaded youth, and the fatal example of others; thus did I fight against God, reason, and religion, till weary of restraint, I left my affectionate parent, and with some other wicked boys, my companions, hastened to sea. Here let me deeply admire the goodness of God, in not cutting down the mad rebel in his career of iniquity. O grace, abused grace, how hast thou followed a wretch who has spurned at counsel, hated reproof, and sought death in the error of his ways! I had not been long at sea, ere a tremendous shipwreck awakened in my mind a sense of its ingratitude, rebellion, and disobedience; but though sinking in the mighty waters, at one time dashed on terrible breakers, clinging to the wreck, and washed by the surf for seven or eight hours, I had no heart to pray; remote, lively remote, with the black visions of my past guilt, made my heart appear as lead, God as an angry judge, the heavens as brass, and the earth as iron to my prayers. I was saved when others found a watery grave. Almighty goodness, here, let me adore thee; thine arm was stretched forth to save; why not to dash the rebel to the bottom of the

deep? Did my mother's prayers, did my precious soul, or rather, did not thy Son's bleeding love and interceding grace, stay thy displeasure? The cause of thy compassion could not be found in me, all vile, all polluted; was there a sin but I either found a heart or an opportunity to commit? yet still spared, still borne with; truly, thy mercy is equal to thy majesty; thou art great in goodness, and good in greatness. Alas! where was my gratitude! The impression soon wore off, the wild ass's colt was as untamed as ever. Without returning home, I went again on the ocean, was again dashed on rocks, a peculiar Providence interposed, a second deliverance was wrought out; I saw the hand of God pursuing me, returned home, and thought I would wander no more. Vain thought! Can the unstable billow cease to fluctuate? My resolutions were fleeting as the morning cloud, and transient as the early dew. I plunged anew into the gulf of sin, and had not mercy interposed, should have sunk into the fire of hell. Mercy did interpose; the rebel was arrested in his career. A pious old woman I accidentally, (better say providentially,) met, invited me to hear a Methodist preacher; I did hear him; and the words, "Whoso covereth his sins shall not prosper," touched my heart. I had often been to hear the Methodists before, as well as ministers of the establishment, but with little or no effect.

".....All pastors are alike

To wandering sheep, resolved to follow none."

Shall I say the set time to favour Israel was come? Bleeding mercy! thou hadst frequently knocked at the door of my heart, but I had shut it against thee; now thou didst, with the hammer of thy word and the power of thy grace, break the bolt, the truth came home to my conscience; I would have shaken off conviction, but it fastened; I changed my company, deserted worldly amusements, while heaven, hell, and the awful realities of religion, made deeper and still deeper impressions upon my heart. Prayer and reading the scriptures became my constant employment, and whether within the venerable walls of the established church, from the pulpit of dissenters, or in a Methodist chapel, the testimony of Jesus was a cordial, a joyful sound to my listening and inquiring soul. After several months spent in conflicts with sin, in vain efforts to deepen my repentance as a good ground of my dependence, betwixt the comforts of devotion and the coldness of despondency, my conscience checking, yet my corruptions increasing, the peace of God visited my heart, and all was light, and life, and love. I now improved all my time in reading and study, deeply regretting that I had made so poor a use of nearly nine years spent at school.

I now read many books, made short notices of profitable subjects, wrote down notes of good sermons, and almost devoured the word of God; frequently spending my time till midnight in reading, musing, and praying, over that blessed book. In a little while my profiting was apparent. I devoted my Sabbaths to teaching poor children, visited the sick, spent much of my time in secret prayer, held public prayer-meetings, reprobated sin, and from time to time invited and exhorted others to flee from the wrath to come; in short, after two years thus spent, an opening of Providence called forth the exertion of my abilities in a public manner. Missionaries were wanted for Nova Scotia: my brethren approved, and I was finally appointed one of them. Since that period I have, with various success, been labouring in the gospel vineyard, and though deeply unfaithful, the Lord has not written me childless. I trust when the Great Shepherd comes to pen his fold for immortality, some reclaimed wanderers will say, you found me on the barren mountains of sin, you brought me to the divine pasture; you were, under God, the means of my salvation. I have travelled through the woods of Nova Scotia; have preached the gospel on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the Bay of Fundy, on the rivers and lakes of New-Brunswick, and on the beautiful Sommer Islands; have been benumbed with intense cold, and parched with insupportable heat; my residence has sometimes been the log cottage of a peasant,

the hut of a black man, or the mansion of opulence and wealth. God has preserved me while riding on the slippery ice, and crossing the stormy ocean. Faith in his Almighty power, unfailing word, divine presence, and overruling Providence, has supported me in many trials, and calmed and comforted my mind in imminent dangers. A twelve years mission has checkered my path with many difficulties; however, the goodness of Emmanuel has sweetened some and sanctified others: during that time I have preached near three thousand sermons, and shall I say, have made perhaps ten thousand blunders. The work of God has been my delight, but an evil nature has often clogged me with impediments. With regard to my temporal affairs, I never found one of God's promises to fail. When I embarked in the cause of God, I had few temporal sacrifices to make; but a fishing-net left for Christ is an acceptable offering. A man can but leave his all, and if mine had been a province or principality, it should have been freely relinquished. I left a most tender mother in England, and I have got an affectionate wife and three children in America; and if I am but poor, I am thankful to God that he has enabled me to make many rich, and withal has grafted on the stock of poverty a contented mind.

A variety of scenes have met my observation, but they have all confirmed me in the blessed truths of religion; nor have I, in travelling some thousands of miles

by sea and land, ever met with a solid reason for a contrary conduct. God has given me instances of a minute providence, and I have had the application of his precious promises on many occasions. I know the testimony of an obscure individual can have little weight, but were I chief of the wise men of Babylon, I would throw my whole influence into the scale of vital Christianity; it is my comfort by day and my song in the night. I love good men of all churches, but chiefly them who preach salvation by faith in a crucified Redeemer, and hold the everlasting divinity of the Prince of Peace. I have seen bigotry enough to make me detest it, but the worst of all bigotry is a wicked life and a narrow mind united. I would equally abhor a spurious charity that can fritter away an important truth, to meet the objections of a carnal mind or unscriptural creed. I have my own views of religion, which I receive *ex cathedra*; but I believe good men may differ in small matters, where there is unity in essentials. Ye are all one in Christ, embraces every true follower of the Lamb; hence with my whole soul I can say, grace be upon all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth; yea, I would willingly fetch a brick, a trowel, or a little mortar, for any of my brethren in the ministry, who are building the Lord's temple; and if the lovely edifice aspires, I am equally glad to see both stone-cutters, carpenters, masons, carvers, and polishers, employed. But to return, I have been a monument of mercy, re-

bellion, and grace. My Life, if written at large, (at least I may possibly perform in future,) would, in some respects, resemble the account of the celebrated John Newton, Rector of St. Mary's, Welneth: at present I am, through boundless grace, determined to live and die in the love, fear, and service, of God.

And whether in a city or a cell,
A court or cottage, be my lot to dwell ;
If riches smile, or poverty depress ;
If foes assail me, or if friends caress ;
If fair Hygea to her courts invite,
Or pining sickness all my vigours smite ;
Give me thy smile, O Lord, 'tis vital bliss,
And each will satisfy, as that, or this.



TO THE READER.



AS it is common to write something by way of preface, it may be necessary to give the history of these trifles, and leave the reader to make his own remarks on the occasion. The simple truth is, the writer of them has been actively engaged as a Christian Missionary for several years, proclaiming the unsearchable riches of a Redeemer's grace and bleeding love. At different periods, sometimes for relaxation, and sometimes for amusement, he has devoted some few of his leisure hours to reading sacred poetry, and occasionally has had the presumption to take up his pen in the same way; perhaps, like many others, he has mistaken an ardent love to poetry for an ability to write verses; but of this his friends, into whose hands these scraps may possibly fall, will be better able to judge; and if he only felt the will without the talents, will doubtless punish his presumption by neglecting to peruse his first attempts. Most of

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TO THE READER.  
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the little pieces, (I will not say poems,) were written on the occasions mentioned, the rest ad libitum as the fancy started into my mind; though not unfrequently when the fatigues of my mission, and the heat of a sultry climate rendered me unfit for more serious avocations. They are, it is true, but trifles, yet they amused me, and perhaps may gratify some of my friends. They will certainly possess this merit, that they are innocent, and I trust moral; I may say without scruple, that they were written in the fear of God, and I am not without hopes but they are calculated to promote the cause of virtue, and foster sentiments of true piety in the breasts of those who may be pleased to read them. I know that were they ludicrous, unchaste, or satirical, they might please a certain kind of readers; but God forbid that I should either sacrifice purity, truth, or piety, at the shrine of popular applause. I want no praise but what might blossom in the garden of Eden; and I would be careful not to injure, if I cannot greatly help the cause of my blessed Redeemer. Should the kindness of my friends ever call for a republication of these, I may possibly insert a number more; but I shall only venture a few at present, that my loss and disappointment may be less, should the public decline to patronise them. I


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**TO THE READER.**  
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make no apology, as a preacher of the gospel, for writing verses: the example of Young, Watts, Wesley, and many others, furnishes a good plea:

“ Thus did the muses sing in early times,
Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous songs alone,
And the chaste poet and the priest were one.”

I hope I may be excused for throwing a dart now and then at the execrable trade of buying and selling men: I have heard that some ministers of the gospel do this: if they do, God forgive them the blood-guiltiness; they are no more fit for the sacred office, than their slaves to rule an empire. But some will perhaps say, you are kicking a dead wolf; slavery is now abolished. Where is it abolished? In Great Britain? Slavery never did exist in England. But is it abolished in the British Colonies? Ah! there is the rub. And is slavery abolished among the freedom-loving citizens of the United States? Alas! alas! though execrated in the eastern part of the Union, there are myriads of these degraded beings in the southern states! Oh, when will this curse of nature and humanity be removed from the earth!

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**TO THE READER.**  
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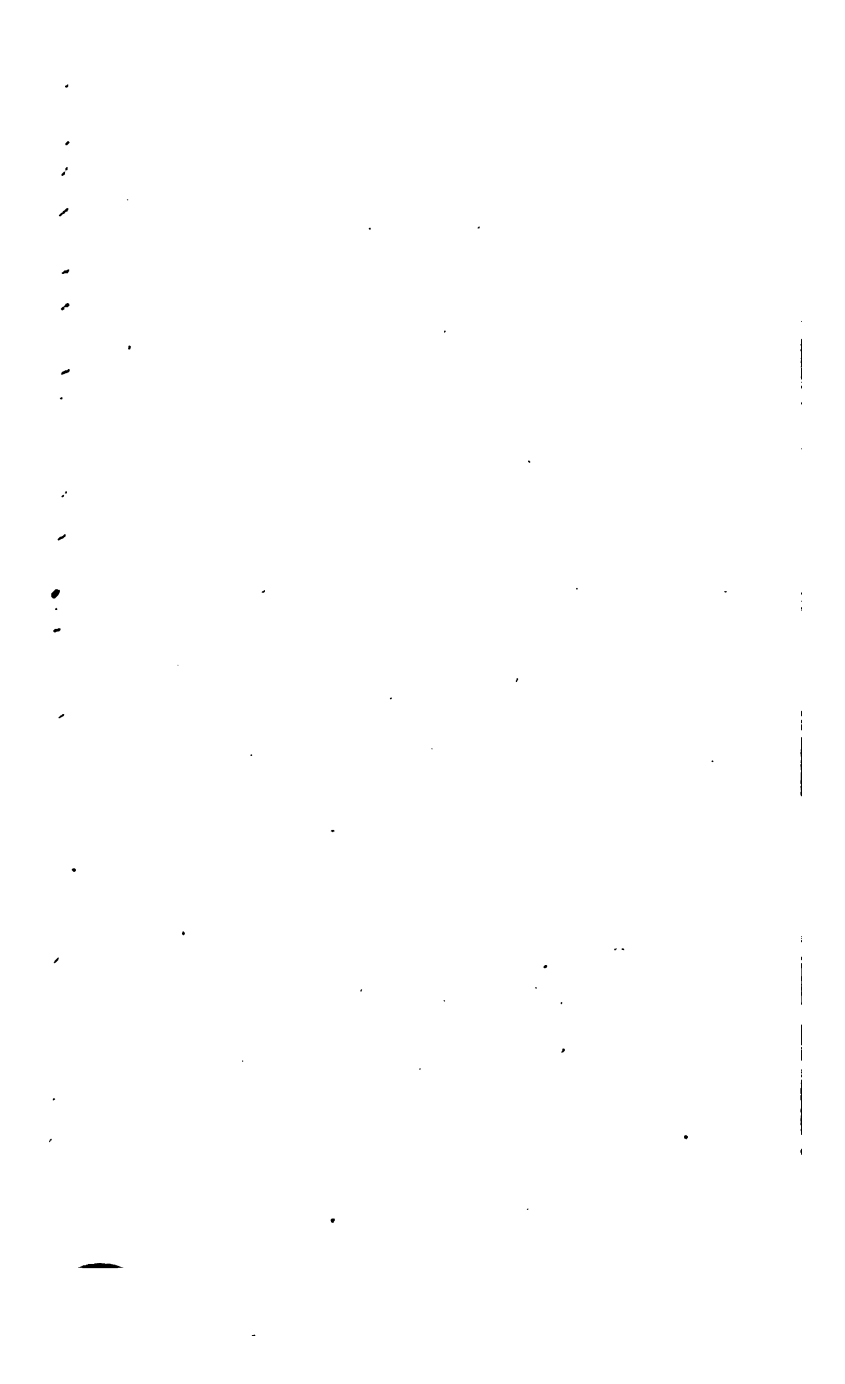
Hoping none will be hurt by any thing that I have written, I remain the reader's affectionate and obliged servant, and sincere friend,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

Greenwich-Village, N. York, August 18, 1812.



THESE
POEMS
ARE
AFFECTIONATELY AND RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED
TO THE
REVEREND DOCTOR THOMAS COKE,
General Superintendent of the British Methodist
Missions, &c. &c. &c.
AS A
SMALL TESTIMONY
OF THE
SINCERE AFFECTION, DEVOTED FRIENDSHIP,
AND RESPECTFUL ESTEEM OF
THE AUTHOR.



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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FOLLOWING EPISTLE.



THE writer of the following Epistle, was appointed in 1800 by the British Methodist Conference to a mission in Nova-Scotia and New-Brunswick; where, after having laboured nearly eight years, and injured his constitution by the severity of the climate, he requested permission to return to England; the committee appointed to manage the missions under the superintendency of Doctor Coke, requested him to go on a mission to Bermuda. The situation of that mission was painful in the extreme, as in the year 1799 a missionary was sent from England, who was imprisoned by a law made, forbidding dissenters to preach the Gospel under the penalty of 50 pounds and six months imprisonment. By this cruel, unjust, and persecuting statute, God's minister

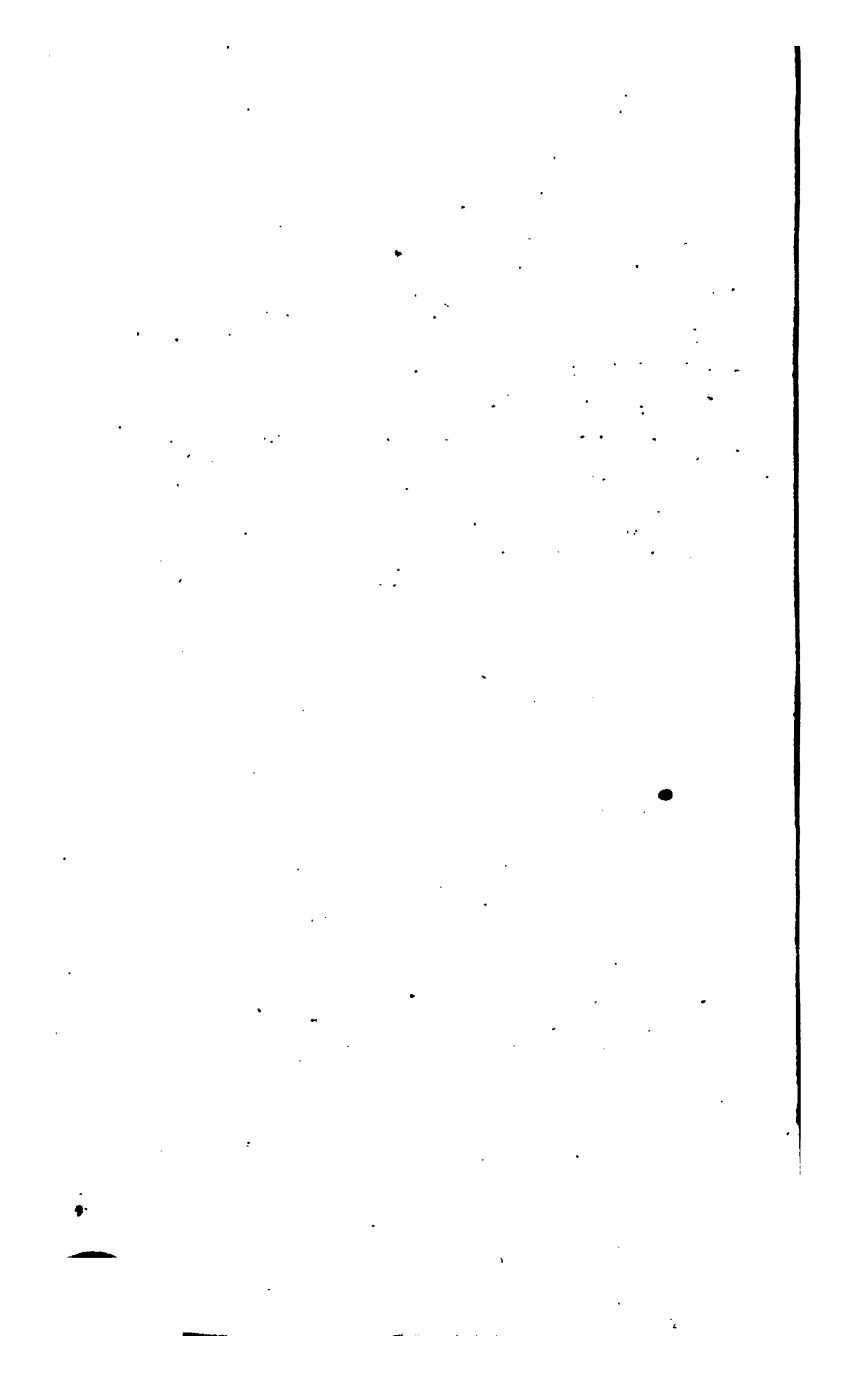
was imprisoned, fined, and finally banished from the Island. Things remained in this state several years, as different ministers who were appointed declined the hazardous undertaking. At last the writer of this note arrived on the Island; his prospects at first were truly distressing; but faith, patience, and prayer, opened a glimmering of better times: this hope after a short season was realized. The Lord Jesus, by his word and Spirit, touched the hearts of a few coloured people, and whites; these, by their own desire, were formed into a little society. The light of truth shone brighter and brighter, and the little flock increased amidst much opposition, and verbal persecution. In a little time, a neat commodious chapel was created, and God disposed many to help this undertaking who were formerly hostile to evangelical piety. At present the Gospel is preached through all the Islands; and not a few say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Pure religion, leaning on her fair daughters, Truth and Love, takes many a pleasant walk through the land, inviting the inhabitants to bow to Emmanuel's cross, and take upon them the mild and easy yoke of obedience to his commands. But to return: this Epistle was written for amusement, and addressed to a respectable friend in Eng-

land. The author had no intention then of ever giving it to the public, though the information it contains is, at least more poetically true, and in many points more simply descriptive, than either Waller or Moore's poetical accounts; as the writer was more recently there than the first, and longer upon the Island than the last of those gentlemen; having resided nearly four years on different of the Bermudas.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, (N. Y.)

July, 1812.





POEMS.

*Hominem pagina nostra sapit....*MARTIAL.

A DESCRIPTIVE EPISTLE FROM BERMUDA.

DEEP in the bosom of Atlantic waves,
Whose snowy foam a rocky Island laves,
Far from my friends on western Scotia's shore,
But further from the land my thoughts deplore :
I sit me down to muse an hour or two,
Ease my full heart, and fill a page for you.

What time the moon a slender crescent wears,
Dim in the west, and quickly disappears;
We seek the bark, unfurl each lofty sail,
To the full impulse of a northern gale :
And left the land where polar tempests blow,
Bind the wild waves, and spread a waste of snow ;

Where woods extend immeasurably wide,
And gloomy fogs the summer sun-shine hide.
Where rais'd sublime on her unpolish'd throne,
Wild nature reigns unrival'd and alone:
Rocks, cataracts, rivers, forests, own her sway,
And caverns exil'd from the light of day.

But when night's orb her spacious horn had fill'd
One globe of light, one pure refulgent shield;
We saw Bermuda's rocky circled shore,
Foam o'er the deep, and heard her breakers roar!
Where gallant Sommers, tost by many a blast!
Found an asylum from the waves at last!
Here rocks into a thousand shapes are wrought,
The yawning cavern, and the dripping grot,
And dismal ledges lurk beneath the wave,
The ship's destruction, and the seaman's grave.
For long before the steersman sees the shore,
Or hears appal'd the inner breakers roar,
His gallant vessel with an awful crash,
On the dire reefs with thund'ring noise may dash;
While the stun'd seaman, 'midst a sea of foam,
Rolls his wild eyes and sadly thinks of home;
But wife or home his eyes shall never view,
The next fierce surge o'erwhelms the hapless crew;

And spreads the wreck in shivers on the wave;
No eye to pity, and no arm to save.

Yet though the seas a thousand rocks infold,
Not half so fatal Scylla fear'd of old!
Though needy Spaniards mourn'd its loss of mines,
Where diamonds blaze; and snowy silver shines;
Tho' bleak and wild the chill north-wester roars,
And rolls the white wave on the rocky shores,
That stand a barrier midst the surging swell,
So stands a saint amidst the rage of hell!
So stands that word of truth on which I rest!
When hell pours all her whirlwinds round my breast!

Yet on the land a different view is seen,
Groves ever gay, and valleys ever green,
Here Waller made the list'ning rocks admire,
The sylvan sweetness of his charming lyre.
And here his ditties love-sick Little sigh'd,
Where the dark mangroves kiss the flowing tide.
But not with these do I attempt a flight,
Too high the lofty, and too low the light;
And yet I may one short epistle send,
Nor fear a critic whom I love, a friend.
Here Spring in robes of living verdure deigns
To crown the cedar hills, and sunny plains,

" Here sea-born gales their gelid winds expand;
" To winnow fragrance o'er the happy land."

When on some little eminence I rise,
O what a sight to feast poetic eyes!
Three hundred Isles adorn'd with cedar trees,
That give their balmy sweetness to the breeze:
While here and there the snowy mansions rise,
Like bowers of bliss in groves of paradise!
Had ancient poets known this little spot,
These em'rald Isles, that ocean's bosom dot,
Thessalian Temple, and Ausonian bowers,
Tho' rich in pastures, and profuse in flowers,
Had not appear'd more beautiful and fair,
Than these gay rocks and sea-beat islets are!

Thro' half the year a rich nutritious store,
The blooming trees and cultur'd gardens pour;
Here purple grapes in swelling clusters grow,
There milk-white arrow-root abounds below:
See rich in juice the musky melon lies,
Aloof the bread-fruit, green cassadas rise:
The savoury onion, and the yellow squash,
The pumpkin green, and bowl-form'd calabash.
In the green woods how beauteous to behold,
The yellow orange pour his flaming gold;

Enormous lemons swell the curving bough,
And juicy limes unask'd spontaneous grow;
As nature's commoners, each thirst to cheer,
And cool the fervours of the genial year.
Nor should my landscape-loving muse forget,
The luscious fig, and seedy pomegranate;
The guava sweet, and tart the tamarine,
The mulberry red, the pappo deeply green;
With that whose every branching leaf displays,
A parasol to break the solar rays;
Delicious fruit, which some banana call,
Whose pulpy sweetness flavours rich to all.
Nor should the azure ocean be forgot,
That adds new beauties to this little spot,
Clear thro' the verdant isles, it sweetly roves!
Clasps their green charms, and loves their coral groves!
And like a mirror of the finest glass,
Improves the scene, and brightens every grace!
A thousand shining shells the deeps adorn,
With lustres brilliant as a vernal morn:
Thro' the clear wave along the rocks are seen,
The pearly oyster, and the plant marine:
On the white sand the murex forms his mail,
The little nautilus expands his sail,

Glides through the deep, or dances on the tide,
Nor needs the pole or compass for his guide.
Where the steep crag invades the waves profound,
The dreadful scuttle spreads his arms around,
Whose fibrous fangs twist closely round his prey,
Suck the best blood, and drain the life away.
O'er the clear water's variegated bed,
Cavernous rocks and coral thickets spread,
Where hooped conks their pearly hues unfold,
Gem the blue deep, and drink the solar gold.
Here too huge whales in rapid motion sweep,
Roll o'er the waves, or foam along the deep:
Dark'ning the white sand with a dreadful shade,
While from their nostrils roars a bright cascade!

In this bright isle, no wintry snows are known!
Those white-wing'd scourges of the frigid zone!
Nor winter house, the native here requires,
Nor downy furs to warm, nor blazing fires.
For tho' the genial sun be far remote,
In southern climes to charm the friendly goat;
And make the haughty Dons of Paragua
Seek the cool shade, or pant beneath his sway:
Yet still enamour'd of these sea-girt shores,
O'er heaven's arch a gentle heat he pours;

Hence winter brings, that foaming billows roll,
No icy armies from the frozen pole.
'Tis true, the gardens half their beauty loose,
And chill and heavy fall the even' dews;
The fig, and vine, their leafy beauty shed,
And the pomegranate's scarlet bloom is dead.
The pride of Ind', in heat a cooling shade,
Not needed now, is stript or disarray'd;
Now gently thro' the veins the life-blood glides,
The titillating prickly heat subsides:
Less fierce the venomous mosquitoes bite,
Nor burn the eye-balls with the dazzling white.
Yet on these rocks the fierce-wing'd eagle descends,
Foams o'er the reefs, and sky and ocean blends:
And ere the morning throws her lucid robe,
Of virgin light, o'er half the dusky globe;
The wrecker all impatient of the day,
To the high cliffs directs his eager way;
And where the ocean meets the arched rocks,
Where glimmering white the distant breakers rise:
Some hapless bark emerges o'er the tide,
Her cables cut, her tall masts o'er her side,
Along her bands the foaming waters roar,
Mount the tall stem and thunder o'er the shore:

These verdant isles amidst the mighty main,
These sunny rocks where bloom and beauty reign,
Auspicious wisdom might in love design,
A cooling refuge from the burning line;
A shady harbour, a serene retreat,
From torrid fevers, and from torrid heat.
Some say since banish'd from the fiery zone,
The fair Hygieia makes this Isle her throne!
Gaily along the breezy shore she roves,
Or builds her palace 'midst the cedar groves;
A thousand convalescents own her sway,
Bless her mild rule, and willing homage pay:
From where the sun's insufferable blaze,
Makes sultry nights and suffocating days;
From wide Columbia's variegated coast,
From Fundy's fogs, and wild Acadia's frost;
With slack'ned nerves and dissipated bloom,
To gain a cure, a respite from the tomb:
The wasted sick to these pure isles repair,
T' inhale the sweetness of salubrious air;
Those hope to find a cooler clime, and these
A warmer sun-beam and a milder breeze.

Clad in her sylvan charms and sunny robe,
This island has no rival on the globe:

Each taste may find a flavour sure to please;
Each eye a gay, a grateful colour sees;
Each constitution finds a healthful gale,
And flowers and cedar gratify each smell.
Could happiness from any spot arise,
These em'rald islands might dispute the prize;
The morn is fragrant, and when night has drawn
Her sable curtain over hill and lawn;
And from the east the full orb'd moon appears,
The blazing planets and the twinkling stars;
The dark tall cedar's spiry tops are seen,
In vivid brightness gold and smiling green:
But when from heaven's higher arch she pours
A flood of glory on the sparkling shores.
The placid ocean dazzled with her rays,
Seems liquid gold, so bright the water blaze!
A thousand beauties burst upon the sight!
And the whole landscape glitters with delight!

Thus nature charms, till fierce solstitial rays,
From Leo, or Intensor Virgo blaze;
Then flaming heat with rage unrival'd pours,
Along the scorched hills and rocky shores,
And spreads a dismal arid waste around,
Shrivels the plants and burns the thirsty ground.

And now, unless the mellow clouds distill,
Their humed stores, on garden, grove, and hill,
Man's purest beverage would surely fail,
And mad'ning thirst alike o'er all prevail.
For here no rivers pour their chrystal tide!
No fountains rise, no lucid currents glide!
No gushing torrents down the mountains foam!
No weedy brooks along the vallies roam!
But every house adown its sloping sides,
A ridge to guide the pouring rain provides;
Around the eaves the eager waters flow,
By spouts conducted to the tanks below;
For seldom do the bounteous skies refuse
Their grateful showers, or night-refreshing dews;
Hence every month through all the annual round,
Or loads the tree, or paints th' enamell'd ground.
Yet 'midst thy many beauties, lovely Isle,
Where ceaseless Spring, and constant Summers smile;
Amidst thy healthful clime, and soften'd gales,
Thy cedar hills, and sun-illumin'd vales;
Abhor'd oppression with her gorgon face,
The scourge and terror of the sable race;
Spurns at the native rights of free-born men,
And binds the negro with her seven-fold chain:

Hence deathless essences that shall survive
Sun, sea, and skies, and live while angels live,
Are vilely bought, and infamously sold,
A man, a friend, a brother, truck'd for gold.
Like the stout ox that crops the flexile grass,
As tho' no soul informed the vital mass;
The youth, strength, stature, and the limbs are made,
The life and soul of this detested trade.
And hence a spirit bought with blood divine,
Is basely sacrific'd at mammon's shrine :
But this, alas ! is not the worst of ills,
This rocky Island to its centre fills.
Fair piety, that richest, sweetest grant
Of love divine, that superlunar plant,
Is here neglected for inferior good,
Torn by the roots or blasted in the bud.
Soft indolence her downy couch displays,
And lures her sons to gay inglorious ease ;
While guilty passions force th' impure embrace,
From Africa's enslav'd, oppressed race.
And what are cedar hills and skies serene ;
Bloom ever gay, and gardens ever green ?
What boot's the health ambrosial gales impart,
When peace and innocence desert the heart ?

If pure religion fill'd thy groves and bowers,
And shed her lustre on thy sea-girt shores:
If liberty throughout thy small domain,
Humanity and friendship in her train;
On fell oppression could erect her throne,
And raise thy climate's beauties by her own;
'Then hast thou lovely, verdant, sunny Isle,
Where summers bloom, and seasons gaily smile.

I am, dear Sir,

With the highest respect,

Your obliged, humble Servant,

J. M.



THE SPIRITUAL THEFT, OR STOLEN BIBLE.

WRITTEN ON HAVING MY GILT POCKET BIBLE STOLEN
BY A BLACK MAN IN ST. GEORGE, SOMMER ISLANDS,
IN THE YEAR 1808.

Jove fix'd it certain that whatever day,
Man makes a slave, takes half his worth away....HOMER.

AN African, void of uprightness within,
Who like many others, thought stealing no sin;
Intent on converting whatever he saw
To private account, without license or law;
Saw my gilt pocket Bible, laid by on a shelf,
And stole it to barter for liquor or pelf.
It was my instructor; I lov'd it more dear
Than misers their hoard, or tipplers their beer;
Its pure revelations a rapture imprint
Than riches or diamonds more dear to my breast.
If riches delight, 'twas a fathomless mine,
Each sentence is worthy in diamonds to shine:

If science, the truth written-pages unfold,
 A wisdom more precious than rubies or gold;
 If happiness charms you, there shines the bright pearl,
 Will make you more joyful than Marquis or Earl.
 How oft with a smile of delight I would say,
 Take health, fortune, friends, and my credit away;
 But leave me my Bible, my treasure it is;
 The spring of my joy, and my charter to bliss.
 If cast by misfortune on some distant isle,
 Where seasons ne'er bloom, and the skies never smile;
 Beneath the cold pole in a region of snow, [blow :
 Or on Fuego's* bleak Cape, where the fierce tempests
 With only one volume my mind to solace,
 I'd choose the pure records of covenant grace!
 Ah! why would the varlet my Bible peruse?
 The book he hath taken, the truth is still true;
 I hope the sweet word is for ever impress'd,
 On the truth-written tablets conceal'd in my breast.
 Perhaps 'twas the gilding that dazzled his eyes;
 So millions are smit with the glare of a toy.
 They grasp at a pebble, and think it a gem,
 And tinsel is gold, if it glitter, to them.
 Hence dazzled with beauty the lower is smit;
 The hero with honour, the poet with wit;

* Cape Horn, South America.

The fop with his feather, his snuff-box, and cane,
The nymph with her novels, the merchant with gain.
The thing was remarkably odd, I confess;
And strikes me as being a singular case :
Men rifle the young, and parcel from the old,
Rob maidens of virtue, and misers of gold :
While bigots deprive you of conscience's right ;
And tyrants may rob you of liberty bright :
But a Bible to steal is uncommonly odd :
Was there ever a thief who delighted in God ?
Here, let us imagine the rogue had a plea,
My betters are verily guilty as me !
The trade's become common, as all the world knows ;
From prelates so grave to your smart college beaux :
" Each man has his price," so the Infidels swear !
And pulpits sell truth like the forum and bar.
The velvet strain'd Doctor, who softens his text,
This world his delight, tho' a guide to the next ;
Sells truth with a witness, to make it connive,
At every ill practice, the wealthy contrive :
Each finical priest, and polite pulpiter,
Who dazzles the fancy, and tickles the ear,
With exquisite tropes, and a musical style ;
As gay as a tulip, as polished as oil ;

Sells truth at the shrine of polite eloquence,
To please the soft taste, and allure the gay sense.
Nor is he less guilty who seasons with wit,
Keen satire or humour the Lord's holy writ:
Does e'er Saul of Tarsus direct to a text
That makes us cry this breath, and titter the next?
Mayhap the poor black had some latent intent,
And thought by this conduct to give it a vent.
He might feel a fancy to favour his plan,
'Twas no greater crime than to pilfer a man!
The argument's just, and I feel its sharp edge;
It cuts like a razor, and cleaves like a wedge;
Strikes home on my reason, I blush in a minute,
And feel all the truth and the reason that's in it:
A Bible to steal is a theft it is true, man,
But stealing and slaving the blacks is inhuman!



FAREWELL TO NOVA-SCOTIA,

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of this green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Alpine mountains, or his setting beams,
Flame on the Atlantic Isles: 'tis nought to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt!
In the void waste as in the city full,
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.

THOMPSON.

THOU climate of cold, where the icy winds blow,
Where the maple fire burns and the lofty pines grow;
E'er I quit thy cold shores for a happier clime,
I'll chant my farewell in a fragment of rhyme.

Seven years have I travell'd thy desolate woods!
And cross'd thy broad lakes, and thy icy-pav'd floods!
With tempest and snow-drift impeding my course,
And icicles hanging to me and my horse!

But shall I forget in thy winters severe,
When crossing bleak marshes and barrens most drear:
Full many a blessing has warmed my heart: [smart.
Tho' the cold chill'd my blood, and my fingers would

With a rapture of joy I would gratefully bless!
The cottage that cheer'd in thy bleak wilderness!
Tho' my lodging was cold, and the stars I could see
Thro' the chinks of my log-room bright twinkling on me.

How oft have I 'scap'd by the skin of my teeth!
When the ice was worn thin by the current beneath;
And when by the showers the torrents were rais'd,
I trembled till past, but deliver'd, I prais'd!

Hence learn, O my soul! to put trust in thy Lord!
His care and past dangers be kept on record:
The sea and the desert with safety are cross'd;
Be faithful, thou shalt not in Jordan be lost.

Tho' thy Spring is unpleasant, thy Winter severe;
And freezing and sea-fog encircle the year: [stores,
Yet thy wilds have their game, and thy forests their
And kind are the natives that people thy shores.

The Moose in thy woods, and the Bears in thy brakes,
The trout in thy streams, and the fowls on thy lakes;
Thy salmon, thy maple, and fine pome-de-terre,*
A bountiful Providence jointly declare.

Nor do I forget that fair piety grows,
Like an ever-green plant amid thy bleaching snows:
Who rules the green earth from the Oby to Nile,
Has illumin'd thy wastes with his lucific smile.

Thy forests and snow-drifts, thy marshes and bogs,
Thy birch-cover'd wigwams and sun-veiling fogs;
Thy cold rocky soil, and thy Winters severe,
His presence can sweeten, his blessing can cheer.

For 'tis not in seasons or climes to impart
The bliss that enlivens and gladdens the heart;
Spitsbergen's cold shores, or Borneo's hot Isle,
Can please, if illumin'd with Jesus's smile!

That smile is a spring of delight to the soul,
Tho' tempests arise and the fierce billows roll;
It gladdens the desert, it charms the wild wave,
Gives ease in affliction, and hope in the grave.

* Potatoes.

Ye high-coned pines, and ye balsamic firs!
Ye maples so sweet, and ye quiv'ring poplars; [claim
'Neath your shades* I have stood, while ye heard me pro-
Salvation unbounded thro' Jesus's name!

But ne'er shall I wander thy woodlands again,
Where silence and gloom, brother foresters, reign:
Nor travel thy dreary Peninsula o'er,
From the Canada gulf to the Atlantic shore.

Farewell to thy plains, and adieu to thy hills!
Thy deep-rapid rivers, and wood-cutting mills,
Thy terrible snow drifts, thy bleak torpid coast:
Adieu to the region of sea-fog and frost!

* The Author frequently preached in the woods.



THE HOMILY, OR VERSES ON PREACHING.

How oft when Paul has serv'd us with a text,
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully preach'd !
Men, that if now alive, would sit content,
And humble learners of a Saviour's worth ;
Preach it who might, such was their love of truth,
Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too !

COWPER.

IT should be brief, if lengthy it will steep
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep :
The dull will yawn, the chapel lounge dose,
Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm, a living altar coal,
To melt the icy heart and charm the soul :
A sapless, dull harangue, however read,
Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical, and clear,
No fine-spun theory to please the ear ;
No curious lay, to tickle letter'd pride,
And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate,
As his warm theme who wept lost Salem's fate :
The fiery law with words of love allay'd,
Will sweetly warn, and awfully persuade.

It should be manly, just, and rational ;
Wisely conceiv'd, and well express'd withal :
Not stuff'd with silly notions, apt to stain
A sacred deak, and show a muddy brain.

It should possess a well-adapted grace,
To situation, audience, time, and place ;
A sermon form'd for scholars, statesmen, lords,
With peasants and mechanics ill accords.

It should with evangelic beauties bloom,
Like Paul's at Corinth, Athens, or at Rome :
Let some Epictetus or Sterne esteem,
A bleeding Jesus is the Gospel theme !

It should be mix'd with many an ardent prayer,
To reach the heart, and fix and fasten there :
When God and man are mutually address,
God grants a blessing, man is truly blest.

It should be closely well applied at last,
To make the moral nail securely fast :
Thou art the man, and thou alone wilt make
A Felix tremble, and a David quake !



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Let's try it:



Page 39.

Paul & Thomas, print.

**RELIGION SUPPORTING THE GOOD MAN IN HIS FINAL HOUR, AND OPENING
THE PROSPECT OF GLORY THROUGH THE CROSS OF CHRIST.**

**THE BEST WINE AT THE LAST, OR DEATH-
BED OF THE RIGHTEOUS.**

The death of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand: it merits a divine:
Is it his death-bed? No, it is his shrine!
Behold him there, just rising to a God....YOUNG.

INSTRUCT me, genius of the solemn hour,
How mortals leave life's insulated shore:
For thou hast seen the flitting soul clope,
Elate with triumph, or bereft of hope.
When waiting on the brink of worlds of bliss,
Say, what rich blessings crown the good in this?
Say, what bright visions swim before his eyes?
While in the vestibule of Paradise.
He waits the coming hour with steadfast faith,
And as a friend salutes the nuncio death;

But e'er on earth the mortal drama ends,
And the sweet bird of Paradise ascends.
Each latent grace more luminous appears;
Each rose of Eden richer beauty wears:
So blooms the violet before a blast,
And sweeter sings the dying swan at last.
Soft patience soothes his pains, and hopes arise
Within his breast, that flavour of the skies.
See on that pale emaciated face,
What looks of meekness, gratitude, and grace;
No murmur, all is placid and serene;
An angel sweetness in his smiles is seen.
Peace is not absent now, that fairest flower,
That sheds her fragrance on man's final hour:
She makes his easy couch at eve and morn,
On softest roses, freed from every thorn;
Save one short pang to end the mortal strife,
And gently cut the mystic knot of life.
Approach his bed, ye scoffers, and profane;
Is this the man ye branded as insane?

Go, Infidel, thy brother rakes acquaint !
 Sin makes the fool, but piety the saint !
 No fear, no doubt, the viper race is fled,
 A beam of glory plays around his bed.
 But does he feel a self-elating thought,
 As he the work, the finished work had wrought ?
 No, less than nothing in his own esteem,
 The Cross his glory, and the Lamb his theme :
 He deems the throne of bliss a sovereign gift,
 And dreads as death and misery to lift
 The crown divine, on any but his Lord,
 Or speak of merit, 'tis a term abhor'd.
 Humility, the lily-likened grace,
 With smiles and tears adorn his dying face ;
 While brightly glows the fire of love within,
 And burns the dross of every latent sin :
 Glows in his breast, and glistens in his eye,
 And like an Eagle emulates the sky :
 Lifts him above this elemental strife,
 And gives a foretaste of immortal life.

Thus standing on the awful verge of fate,
Betwixt a mortal and immortal state ;
He looks serene across the deep abyss,
To streams of pleasure and to bowers of bliss :
Hears sounds melodious float along the air,
Sees angel bands the flaming car prepare ;
“ And all his prospects brighten to the last,
“ His heaven commences, and his woes are past.”



**GLORY IN REVERSION, OR THE SAINT'S
PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.**

This lifts their head, and sweetens every pain;
In time they suffer, but in bliss they reign!

THERE is a hope beyond the grave,
For all who know a Saviour's grace;
There is beyond life's stormy wave,
For toiling saints a resting place.

There is a crown of real joy,
For every warrior of the cross;
There is a treasure in the sky,
To reimburse the Christian's loss.

There is a river of delight,
Fast by the Lamb's cerulean throne;
There is a robe of spotless white,
For gracious souls, and them alone.

There is a sun with sacred rays,
To brighten all the realms above;
There is a harp attuned to praise
Emmanuel's name, the God of love.

There is a circle so refined,
Of saints with purest friendship crown'd;
United now in heart and mind,
While ceaseless ages circle round.

There is a tree of knowledge bright,
That yields delicious fruit and rare;
There is a crown of dazzling light,
Which every faithful soul shall wear.

There is a pleasure so divine,
To gladden and refine the soul;
A star that shall for ever shine,
While Jesus reigns, or ages roll.

O bring me to that happy place !
O bring me where Emmanuel reigns !
Renew my heart by sovereign grace !
Then waft me to the happy plains !

THE PASTOR'S WISH, OR MATERIALS FOR THE MINISTRY.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident : exhibit lucid proof,
That he is honest in the sacred cause....COWPER.

A CONSCIENCE spotless as Siberian snows;
A tender heart, alive to human woes;
A single eye, a meek, a flaming zeal,
That burns unceasing for the public weal.
With love to God and man, an ardent flame,
And firm in duty's path, whoever blame :
A soul above debasing avarice,
A breast to female beauty cold as ice.
With not one sneaking selfish end in me,
That man would blame, or angels blush to see :
Bold in my resolutions to decide,
Against the rich, when not on reason's side :

To all impartial, but a friend to grace,
And genuine worth, in tatters or gold lace.
Then to reprove with a becoming zeal,
And make the guilty melt as well as feel;
I humbly ask, because I know 'tis rare;
These too pacific speak, those too severe.
To all these gifts, to make up half a score,
My wishing muse would add a trio more;
A sun-bright knowledge how to state and trace,
What some yclep the economy of grace.
Ready to learn, as others are to teach;
Eager to pray, as some to shine and preach:
As pious in the parlour, tho' tis rare,
As if the pulpit were erected there.



**THE ARBOR TRISTES, OR SAD TREE OF
MOLUCCA ;**

**THAT BLOSSOMS ONLY IN THE NIGHT. AN EMBLEM
OF MY STATE.**

Prosperity always invites us into his presence, but adversity leaves us no choice in the means which God employs to force us to take refuge in Himself alone...**ST. PIERRE.**

SWEET plant, I behold in thy bloom
An elegant type of my soul ;
Thy blossoms impart their perfume,
When night has envelop'd the pole.
When the night of adversity lowers,
I blossom the best in the shade ;
And bear a profusion of flowers,
When darkness rolls over my head.

For if riches allure with her wiles;
If honour its glitter impart;
If friendship enchantingly smile;
And pleasures enliven my heart :
I say it is good to be here,
Where roses delightfully bloom;
Where music entrances the ear,
And zephyrs breath only perfume.

My heart is entranc'd with delight;
So foolish and fond of a flower :
In vain my devotions invite,
I lose both my love and my power.
The lovely attraction is broke,
That drew me to Jesus's side;
I cast off his beautiful yoke
And down the smooth current I glide.

Till the shades of affliction descend,
And all my gay vistas decay;
My hopes and my happiness end,
And glide as a vision away.

Then precious humility blooms,
That plant in the valley display'd;
And hope the dark prospect illumines,
And penitence brightens the shade.
Tears fall like the eventide dew,
Refreshing and soft from the skies,
And the blossoms of gladness anew,
In richest profusion arise.



Then up to my Saviour I look,
 I fly to the refuge divine ;
 I mark in his truth-written book,
 Each sweetly encouraging line.

When pains o'er my body prevail,
 When sadness oppresses my mind ;
 When my plans and my prospects all fail ;
 When friends are reserv'd and unkind :
 I fly to my refuge and trust,
 I double my ardour in prayer,
 I prostrate my soul in the dust,
 And meekly my punishment bear.

'Tis heaven, 'tis glory below,
 To suffer and bend to the stroke ;
 Sweet peace-like a river shall flow,
 When the will is brought under the yoke.
 Then patience smiles sweetly in tears,
 Meek-ey'd resignation looks gay ;
 Submission most lovely appears,
 That pearl in a turbulent sea.

**THE BEST BEVERAGE, OR LINES ON
WATER DRINKING.***

And she saw a well of water, and she went and filled the
bottle with water, and gave the lad to drink....GEN. xxi. 19.

WATER hurtful, can it be?
 Water never injur'd me:
 I with pure delight have quaff'd
 Many a crystal cooling draught;
 Both from fountain, rill, and tank,
 And the gliding river's bank;
 Deeming it delicious cheer;
 Far surpassing wine or beer:
 But in this Atlantic Isle,
 Where the bright-ey'd seasons smile,
 I am often told, alas!
 There is poison in the glass;

* The author was told on his first arrival at Bermuda,
 "Water will hurt you, do not drink it."

Poison 'tis by all reputed,
'Till with Indian rum diluted.
Hasten, lovely muse, and bring
Water from the lucid spring;
Where the wine of heaven pours,
Purest, sweetest, richest stores :
This exalted Adam's joys
In the bowers of Paradise;
This regales the hermit's taste,
This improves the shepherd's feast;
Cheers the parched traveller;
Slakes the thirst, and cools the air.
Water's reason's beverage,
Noblest spring of health and age ;
Healthier far than richest wines;
From the purple cluster'd vines :
Not the produce of the cane,
Brandy brought from France or Spain,
Nor Geneva's Juniper,
With thy simple streams compare.
Who to thee, alas, prefer
Ardent spirits, madly err ;
Tho' the liquors sparkle fine,
And the purple bumpers shine :

Death is in the cup, beware,
Evil demons wanton there :
Hence the birth of many an ill,
Liquor-loving mortals feel :
Poverty and foul disgrace,
Trembling hand and bloated face ;
Fatal fevers, scarlet eyes,
Hydrops of enormous size ;
Palpitations, pimpled nose,
Fearful dreams, and gouty toes :
Nor is less destruction wrought
Amongst the finer springs of thought :
Memory thro' all its cells,
Muddy and forgetful feels,
Every tender moral sense,
Dreads the baneful influence :
Noblest motives quickly die,
Brightest aims neglected lie ;
Scarce can ruin'd fancy trace
One bright image in her glass.
All in ruins lies the soul,
Shatter'd by the fatal bowl
Who the simple streams despise,
Nature's hand alone supplies ;

May, O solemn thought! e'er long,
Want a drop to cool his tongue.

Piety delights to bring,
Water from the limpid spring;
Nature's noblest beverage,
Spring of health and pledge of age:
Ever grateful to the taste,
Welcome to the Christian's feast.
But immoral draughts inspire
Giddy thoughts and loose desire:
Wanton songs, and jests obscene,
Frantic mirth or fatal spleen:
Reason hides her blushing face,
Modesty deserts the place;
Piety with loathing soul,
Execrates the impious bowl;
Rosy-looking temperance sings
Of placid passions, healthy springs:
Flies the brutal crew to dwell,
By her streams and limpid well:
Warbling in her wild notes clear,
Of many a sage and many a seer:
How the patriarchal race,
On the flowery turf or grass,

Sat to eat their rural meal,
While the bubbling stream or well,
Would the rage of thirst assuage
With its cooling beverage.
She would tell how Adam first,
E'er the fruitful earth was curst,
Drank of living streams that roll'd
Over gems and sands of gold.
Hagar's bottle she would sing,
Jordan's stream and Jacob's spring;
How Rebecca's pitcher show'd
At the well the choice of God.
Then how Jacob's royal race,
Thirsted in the wilderness,
Till the gushing waters broke
From the marble-bosom'd rock;
Rolling with delightful tide
O'er the sandy desert wide;
Cool, exhilarating, sweet,
To quench the thirst and wash the feet.
When the fatal fever glows,
And the blood more rapid flows,
Thro' the arteries and veins,
Than a race-horse o'er the plains:

Till the body feels as hot
As the liquor in a pot;
Then the pure alluvia try,
While the burning heat is high;
Or the fever's rage to break,
Plunge into the cooling lake.
But if this be deem'd too bold,
Quaff the crystal bumper celd;
Till the sweat from every pore,
Shows the burning danger o'er;
And the patient feels as cool
As the pebbles in a pool.
Such divine refreshments rise,
From the liquor God supplies,



THE MARINER'S SONG.

WRITTEN ON SEEING A WATER-SPOUT.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts.
PSALMS lxxii. 7.

WHERE the spiral whirlwinds sweep,
Where the tempest foams along,
On the bosom of the deep,
Mariner begins my song.

Many enemies thou hast,
On the blue expansive wave;
Every billow, rock and blast,
Open inlets to the grave.

Mariner, refrain, forbear,
Should the awful tempest rise,
Can the lips that madly swear
Supplicate the injur'd skies.

But a single plank divides
Thee and thy eternal fate;
Death upon the tempest rides,
Think upon a future state.

See yon foaming cloud decline,
See ascend the fluid pile;
Of a squall the certain sign;
Now the waves begin to boil.

Now the spiral waters rise,
Roaring round the vortex wide,
Shun the ruin of the rocks;
Mariner, to windward glide.

See the gloomy column move,
With the roaring cataract's sound;
Black and fierce the clouds above,
Ocean trembles all around.

Terribly sublime it scours,
'Long the agitated air;
In the van destruction lowers,
Horror threatens in the rear.

Take in, take in every sail,
See the white-winged squall descend;
Thunder, lightning, wind, and hail,
Sea and sky in uproar blend.

Wide and wild yon breakers roar,
Mind the helm, the reef is shoal;
Keep her off the fatal shore,
Or we perish every soul.

Useless are thy paltry beads,
Ave Marias will not save;
Superstition's gloomy creeds
Cannot snatch thee from the wave.

To the God of Ocean cry,
He will hear the seaman's prayer;
To his throne of mercy fly,
Thousands find a refuge there.

He can curb the foaming sea,
He can bid the tempest rest;
All the elements obey
Great Jehovah's high behest.

Now let hymns of praise arise,
See the opening haven near;
Let the ocean, earth and skies,
Ocean's God in hymns revere.



THE PENSIVE PASTOR.*

Here ev'ry drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers;
And even the joy that haply some poor heart
Derives from heaven, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure... COWPER.

How often I wander and muse,
The shores of this surf-circled Isle;
Till the fall of the eventide dews,
The negro returns from his toil:
I dwell on the beautiful scene,
The sunbeams impurple the west,
All nature is gay and serene;
Then why is my bosom distrest.

The plains are all cover'd with green,
The woodlands with cedars are crown'd;

* Supposed to be written by a Missionary on an Island in the Western Ocean, when in affliction, and labouring under ministerial disappointment.

The ocean is blue and serene ;
The gardens with treasures abound :
So pure are the breezes that blow,
The heavens so azure and clear,
I ask, can a feeling of woe
Find aught that's congenial here.

Yes, sorrow can visit the bowers
Of any fair palace on earth ;
And wither its delicate flowers,
And drain its sweet sources of mirth :
This life is a wilderness way,
Where roses with brambles entwine ;
The path is not ever more gay ;
The day does not constantly shine.

Even here in this beautiful Isle,
Where nature's perpetually gay ;
And dress'd in her emerald smiles,
" December's as pleasant as May."
Tho' clusters impurple the vine,
Tho' oranges beauty unfold,
The fig-tree its treasures resign ;
And the lemon flames vegetive gold.

Yet here the full heart is oppress,
 So roses in summer may die,
 For anguish can torture the breast:
 And sadness bedim the bright eye,
 The delicate music within,
 The least disappointment may stop;
 Remove but a spring or a pin,
 The wheels of our happiness drop.

So Jonah rejoic'd in his gourd,
 That flourish'd a beautiful shed;
 Whose leaves an asylum afford,
 To cool and to cover his head:
 But a worm in the root could destroy
 The flourishing sylvan saloon;
 So fickle sublunary joy,
 'Tis a lustre akin to the moon.

Our hope is a delicate flower,
 Which yields to each furious blast;
 And often we loose in an hour;
 What promis'd for ages to last:

When the heavens are calm and serene,
We fancy 'twill always be day;
Till the whirlwind and storm intervene,
And sweep the bright prospect away.

But tho' each fair lustre may fade,
Of mortal ephemerals' joys;
And sparkle, then vanish'd in shade
As stars disappear from the skies;
Yet piety sweetly benign,
A star in the east ever glows;
And cheers with a comfort divine,
The bosom heav'd of repose.

To thy lovely refuge I fly,
As the desolate dove to the ark,
For oh! the fierce tempest is high;
And the night is both dismal and dark:
I rest on the promise divine,
A dawning ~~Aurora~~ appears;
A pledge that my Saviour will shine;
And scatter my sorrows and tears.

THE MOSQUETO.*

LITTLE busy, buzzing thing,
With thy sharp and pointed sting;
While my mind is full of musing,
Thou the widest pore art choosing.
Darting quick thy little lance in,
Fierce as hero when romancing;
Ankle, nose, or ear, or finger;
Where the little bloated stinger
Quaffs the rosy blood as merry
As a Spaniard does his Sherry;
Quick I feel the titillation,
Dash the robber from his station,
But my thoughts are set a flying,
As a flock the fowler spring;
And e'er fancy's realms I pitch in;
Reveries give place to itching.

* For a curious account of this little pernicious animal, see
Dr. Coke's History of the West-Indies.

If by streams that soft meander,
Thro' the lonely woods, I wander,
Where no eye my haunt can see,
But the partridge on the tree.
And beneath the maple's shade,
For devotion's chamber made;
Sweet I taste no other needing,
All the luxury of reading:
Gravely poring o'er the page
Of the past or present age;
Feeding with an inward rapture
On each new-turn'd page or chapter.
Near my feet the stream is purring,
Or in little eddies curling;
Every passion wrapt in slumbers,
But the love of sacred numbers.
While the lofty maple trees
Gently rustle in the breeze;
And from maple, copse, or hillock,
Whip-poor-will or Chickadee
Make the solitude delighting,
Nothing new to spoil inditing;
Nothing, till I hear the humming
Of the little robbers coming;

Quick they spy their prey, and dart
Vulture-like on every part.
Quick I shut my book, and get
Up, and brush me in a pot:
Think the little fell remora
Impious as a son of Corah.
If I sometimes feel a pride in
The mild exercise of riding,
And the woodland path am pacing,
Providence or Scripture tracing;
Something 'neath my knee is darting,
Soon I feel the itching smarting;
All my mind is in a pucker
With the venomous blood-sucker.
When the toiling day is done,
Lost in shades the setting sun,
And the hour of sleep inviting,
Bids me lay aside my writing;
Soon as e'er my eye-lids closing,
Feel the sweetness of reposing,
I'm assaulted by such numbers,
As destroy the sweetest slumbers.
Round and round my cranne singing,
Nose, and ears, and temples stinging,

Till I think no more of sleeping;
Then a bridegroom would of weeping.
If beneath the sheets I hide,
'Tis so hot I can't abide :
Thus a rose-leaf, gnat, or feather,
Can our worldly comforts wither ;
And will vex, and fret, and fire us,
Unless patience sweet inspire us,
This can blunt the edge of teasing,
And make e'en affliction pleasing ;
With its mild and simple veto
It can curb the fierce Masqueto.



**THE NEGRO MARY, OR INHUMANITY TO
THE DEAD.***

**RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE MANUMISSION
SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.**

—————Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, aide by side consume.
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
But lies as soft and sleeps as sound as he.—BLAIR.

ANGELS ope the pearly doors,
Sweetly swell the raptur'd lay;
Lo a ransom'd spirit soars,
Guide her to immortal day,

* Black Mary was married to one of the band belonging to the seventh Regiment; she was a pious, sensible, diligent creature; beloved and esteemed by both the officers and men, and noted for her faithfulness, cleanness, and honesty. While in St. George, Bermuda, she lost several children; at last she sickened and died herself, and was buried by her infants in the church-yard; but in defiance of nature, decency, and humanity, the worthy parish of St. George had her taken up again, thinking the hallowed spot would be desc-

Not the noble, rich, or wise,
But a simple saint and poor,
Claims admittance to the skies;
Open wide the pearly door.

Molly was of Guinea race,
Deeply sable was her hue;
But her placid eyes and face
Spoke a feeling heart and true.

Sympathy is not confin'd,
To the noble, rich and high;
Molly had a gentle mind,
And a bosom form'd to sigh.

Colours may be white or dark,
For the body is a clod;
'Tis the intellectual spark,
Shows the lineaments of God.

crated by such a deposit. This conduct excited a sentiment of indignation in the officers of the corps, and the whole Regiment was ordered to honour and attend her reinterment near the St. George Ferry; and the Paymaster of the Regiment dying soon after, requested to be laid along side black Mary, which was complied with.

Molly had a soul within,
 Lovely, noble, and divine;
 Not eclipsed by her skin,
 Diamonds in the dark may shine.

If of Ethiopic race,
 Jesus no respecter is;
 Congo's sons may taste his grace,
 Widely roll the streams of bliss!

From the Cape to Barca's sand,
 From the Niger to the Nile;
 Wide the Gospel shall expand!
 Make the arid desert smile!

Molly knew the Saviour's love,
 She had felt the blood applied;
 Tasted of the powers above,
 Pardon thro' the crucified.

But she sick'ned and she died;
 Princes must resign their breath!
 And her end exemplified,
 How the saint is blest in death.

Like a summer's evening sky,
All serene the christian was !
Till her spirit mounts on high,
Leaves the gross cumbering mass.

Let the drums be muffled all !
Let the music solemn play !
Lift the bier and bear the pall !
Molly near her children lay !

Earth to earth, and dust to dust !
Now the tomb receives her swa,
Till the trump awakes the just,
To ascend a brilliant throne.

No, the rage of cruel men,
With the fell hyenna's spite,
Tore her from the earth again,
Robb'd her of sepulchral rite.

Grudg'd her body of a tomb,
Tore the brown turf from her head,
E'er the grass began to bloom
O'er the consecrated dead.

What, deny her that a place
On its genuine mother's breast?
O ye slave-oppressing race!
She is now the Saviour's guest.

Yes, the consecrated spot,
Africans shall ne'er invade;
Where the whites corrupt and rot,
Not a negro shall be laid.

Is the wide distinction nought,
'Twixt a white man and a slave?
Who can bear the horrid thought,
To have blacks beside his grave?

O ye hypocritic drones!
Curst with hearts that cannot feel,
Callous to the negro's groans;
As a rock or bar of steel!

If the judge of all mankind
As ye measure mete to you;
What compassion will ye find?
Only rigour is your due!



TO DIE IS GAIN.*

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF
MISSSES JANE AND SALLY SEABURY;

WHO BOTH DIED HAPPY IN THE LORD.

— Death is the crown of life :
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain ;
Were death denied, to live would not be life ;
Were death denied, even fools would wish to die ;
Death wounds to cure ; we fall, we rise, we reign ;
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies ;
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight ;
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost ;
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.

YOUNG.

TO die is gain ; yes, rich immortal gain ;
The saints' triumphal entry in the sky ;
The bright reverse of sorrow, fear, and pain,
A happy transit to the realms of joy.

* This was the text of the funeral sermon.

To die is gain, no stormy billows roll,
In the still haven of the happy shore,
Soft are the gales of bliss, serene the soul,
The hurricanes of mortal life are o'er.

To die is gain, the raptured spirits know,
Blest with the dazzling starry diadem;
In glory ceaseless tides of pleasure flow,
And mystic lamps of love for ever flame.

To die is gain, the toil-spent minister,
And hoary saint, by pain and sickness worn,
Quaff sweet oblivion to their mortal care,
And pluck in bliss the rose without a thorn.

To die is gain, the beatific sight,
The golden streets and verdant groves attest;
Where circling sweets perennial delight,
And flowers unfading crown the sinless blest.

To die is gain, ye thoughtless gay attend,
See the pure saints resign their mortal breath;
How pure their lives, how pacific their end;
Their path to glory is the vale of death.

To die is gain, exhilarating text,
 To her whose loss demands the sharpest grief;
 This soothes the throbbing soul when sore perplex,
 This balmy passage furnishes relief.

To die is gain, 'tis boundless gain to die
 Tho' dark and cold the subterranean bed;
 'Tis the pure vestibule of endless joy,
 Where wreaths of glory crown the happy dead.



THE ADVANTAGES OF SLEEP.**A NIGHT THOUGHT.**

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep....YOUNG

BALMY slumber, sweet repose,
E'er my drowsy eye-lids close;
E'er I lay me down to rest,
E'er the downy couch be press'd;
While the stars are twinkling bright,
While the moon-beam gilds the night,
While the dew falls thick and damp
On the black's palmetto camp;
While on high the leafy trees,
Rustle, with the night-fall breeze:
And the watch-dog's bark I hear,
Feebly faint, or briskly clear:
E'er I bid the world good night,
Let my muse indulge a flight;
One amusing vigil keep,
In the vestibule of sleep.

Sweet oblivion of care,
 Thousands to thy courts repair.
 Thou art labour's sweet respite,
 Welcome are the shades of night,
 Welcome is the peasant's shed,
 Pleasant is the porter's bed.
 After drudging thro' the mire,
 Thou the plough-boy's sweetest hire.
 Here the weary is at rest;
 Sleep is a refreshing guest,
 Jaded in the burning soil,
 Here the slave forgets his toil.
 In his wigwam on the ground,
 Sleeps the Indian hunter sound;
 By his side his dog and gun,
 For the toilsome hunt is done.
 Gently sinking to repose,
 Here the sick forgets his woes.
 Sorrow sleeps and finds relief,
 Here the heart absolves its grief.
 When within thy sacred charge,
 The imprison'd walk at large;
 And the manumitted mind
 Roves thro' nature unconfined.

Poverty in thee is rich,
Tho' he slumbers in a ditch ;
While the veteran in his camp,
Sleeping on the ground so damp,
Puts before the morning light,
All his hostile foes to flight.
The rough seaman far from home,
Dashing thro' the roaring foam,
On the wide wave swelling sea,
Finds a quiet port in thee ;
Lays him down with jacket wet,
Every danger to forget,
And in sweet oblivion lies,
Till the watch is call'd to rise.



THE SLAVES OF THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE.

A SONNET.

BERMUDA, thy rocks are the mariner's dread,
 But calm and pellucid thy seas;
 Thy skies in a vest of pure azure array'd,
 Waft sweetly the health-giving breeze.

Fair blooms thy gilt orange and beautiful lime,
 Whose acid refreshes the taste;
 The sun never viewed a more temperate clime,
 For the plains never felt a cold blast.

The sun and the showers in succession arise,
 And nature delights in the sway;
 And when the soft night-fall envelopes the skies,
 How pure is the silver moon's ray.

In the blue bosom'd ocean amid madrepores,
 A rock in the tempest torn deep;
 Milk-white are the breakers that foam on thy shores,
 But the ledges have made many weep.

From the clamour of battle removed afar,
Thy vales are the harbours of peace;
But slavery all the mild blessings can mar,
Sweet Island, it is thy disgrace.

Thy vessels are rapid that skim the blue deep,
Thy cedars glide over the flood;
But the mariner slave is predestin'd to weep,
And mingle his tears with his food.

But still they are fond of the health-giving spot,
And prefer it to liberty's smile;
In love with their chains, and content with their lot,
They delight in the beautiful Isle.



THE WEARY NEGRO.

A DIALOGUE.

Still in thought as free as ever,
 What are England's rights, I ask,
 Me from my delight to sever,
 Me to torture, me to task;
 Fleecy locks and black complexion
 Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
 Skins may differ, but affection
 Dwells in white and black the same....COWPER.

NEGRO, is thy labour ended
 In the parched burning ground?
 By the vesper star befriended,
 Art thou to thy cottage bound?

Yes, kind massa, night has freed me
 From de drudging toils of day,
 I will to my cabin speed me;
 Dere my weary body lay,

Negro, is thy treatment cruel?
Is thy master kind or not?
Hast thou food enough, or do ill
Overseers oppress thy lot?

Art thou easy and contented?
Satisfied to be a slave?
Hast thou ever yet repented
Crossing the Atlantic wave?

Easy! dat be great ting, massa,
Negro easy, cannot be,
While de white-man make us passa
Life of pain and misery.

Back is whipp'd, and food is scantied,
One poor quart of corn a day;
Tho' we labour'd, sweat, and panted,
In de sun's consuming ray.

Can poor negro cease to sorrow,
When his wife and children rise?
Snatch'd perhaps before to morrow
From his arms and longing eyes?

Black man, do thy hardships never
Make thee think of God above?
In thy sorrows dost thou ever
Dread his vengeance, ask his love?

Yes, good massa, dat be truly
In my thoughts, both night and day;
Yet poor Cato has but newly
Known de narrow blessed way.

Tho' de white man whip and strike us,
When we faint beneath our toil;
Still de gracious Saviour like us,
Make de negro bosom smile.

Tell me, Cato, who has taught thee,
Jesus died a world to save?
Surely not the wretch who bought thee,
Or convey'd thee o'er the wave.

No, no, massa, dey were bad men,
And would fight, and curse, and swear;
Sing, and drink, and shout like madmen,
But dey never made a prayer.

De poor negro wrapt in blindness,
Hardly knew a God above:
Till de missionary kindness
Point us to a Saviour's love.

Dey proclaim a bleeding Jesus,
Who for negro shed his blood;
Who from sin and Satan frees us,
And can do poor negro good.

Sweet de Sabbat, for 'tis bringing
Day of rest, to worship God;
Sweet de preaching, sweet de singing,
For it does poor Cato good.

Now I feel amidst my troubles,
Many a drop of sweet delight;
To de world and all its bubbles,
Cato long has bid good night.

Dis beguiles poor negro's sorrow,
Sweetens all his burning toil;
When he hoe de cane to-morrow:
Den de loving Saviour smile.

COLONIAL COURTESY, OR A PRISON FOR THE PIOUS.*

That man should thus encroach on fellow-man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold,
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation ; makes the name of laws
(Of laws whom only petty tyrants make)
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Ador'd through fear, strong only to destroy....TASK.

HOW dark a text is Providence divine,
None here can read th' inexplicable line ;
Blind chance appears the vast machine to guide,
And random here, and caprice there preside.
Mad riot rolls along with coach and four,
The pious orphan begging at his door :

* Lines wrote on seeing the name of John Stephenson, cut
in the floor of the jail of St. George, Sommer-Islands, where
he was imprisoned for preaching the Gospel of Christ.

Here blooming virtue finds an early grave,
While crouds admire a rich and hoary knave :
Pride lifts aloft her overweening crest,
See folly strut in silk and diamonds drest :
Aloof see worth in want, see virtue pine,
And own the wonders of the plan divine.
For still unerring Providence decides,
The weal or woe, that this, or that, betides,
'Tis he permits the wicked man to sway,
The weak to struggle, and the poor obey.
If haughty demagogues oppress the just,
And trample innocence beneath the dust :
If fiery bigots persecute and rail,
And then consign the good man to a jail ;
Make might a law to gratify their spleen,
Then talk of justice, villany to screen :
Thro' every maze of this intricate plan,
There is a God that marks the ways of man ;
Tho' clouds and darkness hide his sov'reign throne,
'To man, to angels, his designs unknown ;
Yet wisdom, love, and justice, still attend,
He's still at heart the injured good man's friend.
Be therefore calm, ye pious, in your lot ;
Celestial equity is not forgot :

The happy day will come that shall redress,
 Who suffer for the cause of righteousness.
 This truth the injur'd Stephenson confest,
 His jail and lawless sufferings told the rest.
 Methinks I see th' imprison'd veteran stand,
 Grief in his heart, the bible in his hand ;
 A tear would now and then unheeded flow,
 But 'twas a tear of pity, not of woe :
 And ever and anon some precious text
 Would lift his heart from this world to the next ;
 The den of thieves became a house of prayer,
 While God's much injur'd minister was there ;
 And sounds of praise thro' all the prison rang,
 For many a hymn of praise to God he sang ;
 And thro' his narrow portals iron barr'd,
 Full oft the bleeding Saviour's love declar'd.
 While day by day his prison to beguile,
 And teach the gloomy solitude to smile ;
 The deep-cut letters one by one arose,
 That give the short, plain history of his woes ;
 Great force each letter has, it seems to say
 That Pagan darkness and with iron away,
 Made penal codes t' eclipse the Gospel light,
 Lest men should not enough admire the night.

This line records his name, the date and time,
The next his punishment, the last his crime:
His crime, had he a maid of fame bereft,
Or plung'd in treason, perjury, or theft?
Was it base lewdness? no, the priest was pure,
Tho' each as suits may have his fav'rite meed;
Such hackney'd trifles no one will condemn;
Each man and boy may safely practise them.
Was it for murder? murder is a sin,
That makes a deep and lasting stain within.
Or did the culprit Africans oppress,
Whom few will pity, and not one redress?
Ah no, his crime was blacker far than these;
Out with it, then, pray tell us, if you please?
It was a crime of such a heinous sort,
As made the jury tremble, and the court
Consign him to the horrors of a jail,
Without or pity, main-prize, grace, or bail.
He preach'd the Gospel to benighted slaves;
He told the lost that only Jesus saves;
He press'd the guilty sinner to believe;
And such a crime the court can ne'er forgive.

THE CEDAR GROVE.*

A SONNET.

THE breath of yon delicate gale,
So sweetly delightful to me,
Comes fresh from the grove in the vale;
And exhales from the green Cedar-tree:
All Lebanon flourishes here,
In verdure, in beauty, and bloom,
The skies are as azure and clear,
The air yields as rich a perfume.

The rose and the lily may join
In beauty and loveliness fair;
The pink and the jasmine combine;
To scatter their odours in air:

* The Cedar-tree, (*Juniperus Bermudiana*) is the delight, ornament and riches of Bermuda. With its lovely evergreen, it gives the Islands the appearance of a continual spring, and by its delicious fragrance, diffuses an aromatic atmosphere over every part of this beautiful and miniature archipelago.

But the rose is the child of an hour;
The lily will bend with each blast;
The pink is a short-lived flower;
'Tis the Cedar alone that will last.

Some love the sweet orange so big,
Its fruit is a cooling regale;
These ask the banana or fig,
And those love the palm of the vale:
But neither the orange, nor all
The fruits that enliven the grove;
Nor yet the palmeto so tall,
Can vie with the cedars I love.



THE REPROBATE, OR GRACE FINALLY
REJECTED.

And is there who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his dishonoured brow ?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight :
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell !...YOUNG.

THE blind apostate, lost to every good,
Makes light of sin, and mocks a Saviour's blood :
Pride join'd with hate, and hate with deadly sin,
Blast each fair bud, and form a hell within.
Terror and love in different forms are tried,
To curb his passion and abase his pride ;
But love and ire are ineffectual here,
That cannot raise a blush, or this a fear :
Not the dire torments of hell's deep abyss ;
Not the pure raptures of seraphic bliss ;
Not the bright glories Paul in vision saw ;
Nor vulture pangs that Dives's bosom gnaw ;

Nor precious promise from the inspired line,
Nor malediction of the wrath divine;
Can melt a vile apostate Infidel,
Or make a Julian-hearted sinner feel.
Sooner an aged stubborn oak may bend,
And the firm flinty rock to pieces rend,
Sooner shall polished marble take the seal,
Or supple quills engrave elastic steel,
Than he relent; whose tongue with blasphemies,
And heart with rage, th' incarnate God denies.
Range the wide world, explore the ocean round;
Skim the blue sky, or pierce the solid ground;
Look every page of nature's volume thro',
All things examine, and all subjects view,
Then say, and prove the assertion if you can,
Does aught in nature equal such a man?
All things submit to a superior force,
Rocks wear away, and rivers change their course;
The firmest marble and the brightest ore,
Gold of Peru, or gems of Visapour,
Are meekly passive, all some force obey;
Gold will dissolve and diamonds melt away;
Marble obeys the chisel and the saw,
And solar beams a rock of ice will thaw,

The flaming forge o'ercomes well-temper'd steel,
 And makes the iron bar quite pliable;
 But his rebellious heart no power can bend,
 No flames can soften, no concussions rend,
 Whose day of grace and blest privations fled,
 Whose soul is brutish, and whose eye is lead;
 Whose neck a seal of reprobation binds,
 Whose mind a penal vail judicial blinds.
 If once the Spirit leave the breast, O then!
 The holy place becomes a dragon's den:
 Hence the fine springs, the pure essential joys,
 That raise and wrap the righteous to the skies,
 No more impression make, no more, alas!
 Than oil on polish'd surfaces of brass.
 Presumptuous, callous, yet without a fear,
 Hell in the front, and vengeance in the rear,
 He rolls in sin, till justice with a frown,
 Draws the red sword, and cuts the rebel down.



THE CONTRAST, OR FINAL HOUR OF
THE WICKED.*

If death were nothing, and nought after death ;
If when men died at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee
Untrembling mount the heavens : then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear death ; but if there's an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience uninfluenced speaks,
Then *must it be an awful thing to die*...BLAIR.

HE goes at last, (the final hour is come,)
To hear his sentence and receive his doom.
Ah, how unlike the lowly Christian's death,
Does he in joyful hope resign his breath ?
Does he in that tremendous hour of need
A blood-writ title to salvation read ?
Alas for him, he's neither part nor lot
In what the saints receive, and Saviour bought !

* See Page 39.

For dismal doubts the final hour assail,
And viper fears o'er all his hopes prevail:
Keen tort'ring pangs his guilty spirit tear,
And hell's own miniature, abhor'd despair:
He reads in wrath divine his future state,
Like him of Babylon, and knows 'tis fate.
In quest of hope, if he on life look back,
Each page is blotted with a crime more black
Than deepest shade, of Erebus or night,
Nor will a single section bear the light:
That shows the gall and venom of his breast,
This paints in black his bitter biting jest
At holy things, his supercilious sneer,
When scoffing scriptures from his scorner's chair;
And ev'ry proud ungodly thought and word
Against the saints is kept upon record;
Those whining fanatics he could not bear,
With all their cant, hypocrisy and prayer;
Who oft with gall upon his tongue he curst,
For those most holy he believed the worst:
Poor man, how gladly now he'd change his state,
With those he bitterly abus'd so late;
For death and conscience stare him in the face,
And fain he'd die at rest in any case;

Not from a love to God, but fear of hell,
For who with fiends and flames can bear to dwell?
But die he must, the final hour is come,
And not a ray of light his thoughts illumine;
Wildly around his haggard eye-balls roll,
And speak the anguish of a hopeless soul;
Had he a thousand worlds within his pow'r;
He'd part with all to live another hour.
Must he depart and go, he knows not where?
Can neither cordials ease, nor doctors spare?
Oh this is woe, the deepest woe indeed;
Enough to make a marble statue bleed!
To feel the cold pale clammy sweats of death,
The stammering tongue, faint pulse, and gasping breath;
Without a ray of mercy to beguile.
His pangs, when shuffling off the mortal coil:
To lay him down in sorrow, and no trace,
No spark of hope, no beam of special grace:
Nor can his friends that wait around his bed,
Beguile the blackness of the dismal shade;
They watch, with torturing fear and deep suspense,
The dismal horrors of his exit hence.
Once he thought hell a fable, now alas!
His conscience loud proclaims the dreadful place;

Torn suddenly from all his pleasant things;
 How fiercely keen each sad reflection stings :
 From all that gay deluded mortals please,
 His days of feasting, and his nights of ease :
 Drove out to sea by a tremendous gale,
 Without a compass, anchor, helm, or sail:
 Where distant from the beatific shore,
 He sinks in dismal waves to rise no more.

Nor is it better with the wretch who dies
 In stupid apathy, the dupe of lies;
 A faithless priest, or siren friend may tell
 The dying sinner all is safe and well;
 With anodynes the drowsy conscience lull,
 With soothing lies the restless judgment gull :
 May help him to a vain delusive hope,
 And lean his soul on a most rotten prop ;
 Till down he sinks to meet an awful fate,
 And curse his deep delusions when too late.

The stubborn sceptic may refuse assent
 To sacred truth, till life's last wick is spent ;
 May riotously live, and when he die,
 Draw courage from despair to vouch the lie ;

Till flaming justice his damnation seal,
A firm believer now against his will :
Convinc'd by torturing evidence and light,
Perdition has made many a proselyte.
A brainless rake with supercilious air,
May laugh at hell, and wish all priestcraft there;
May tip his shafts with blasphemy and wit,
And twist and ridicule God's holy writ :
So did Voltaire but when his death drew near,
The hoary sceptic, harrow'd up with fear,
Would fain have been a Christian at the last,
But ah, too late, the fatal die was cast !

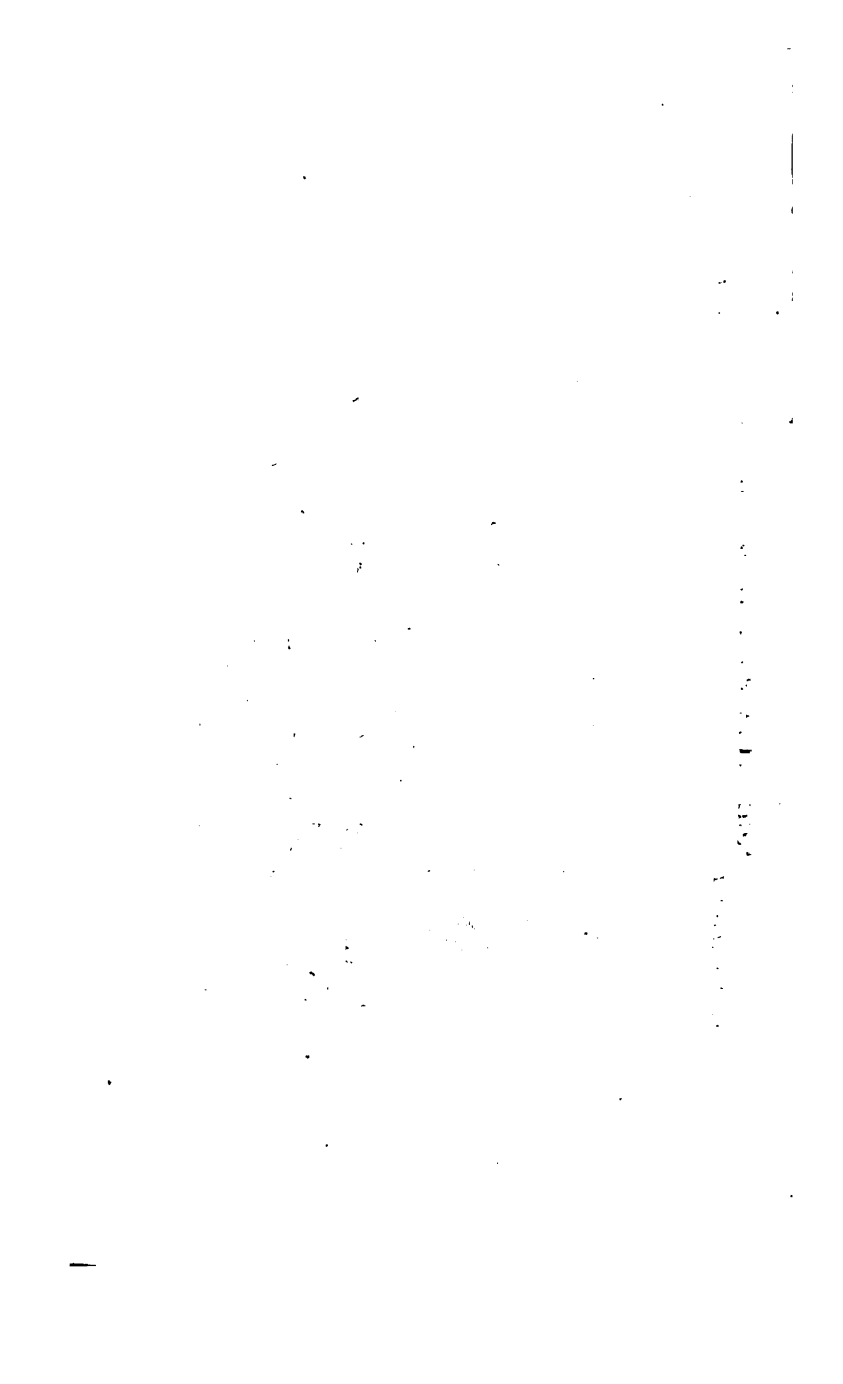




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THE DEATH OF VOLTAIRE.

Paul & Thomas, print.



**LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS.
 BRADLEY.***

..... each moment plays
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere
 Of sweet domestic comforts, and cuts down
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.....YOUNG.

**MYSTERIOUS Providence, no mortal eyes
 Can pierce the darkness of thy close disguise :
 Could angels' ken explore the awful gloom,
 Then angel breasts must feel at ills to come :**

* The event that occasioned the following lines was one of the most deeply affecting that ever came under my observation. Mrs. Bradley, a pious and very amiable woman, the wife of Leveret Bradley of St. John, New-Brunswick, had with her three precious children, been spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, in Halifax. In the month of November she took her passage in a brig bound to St. John, and commanded by Capt. Matthews of that place ; but one stormy night, as they were entering the Bay of Fundy, it was perceived the vessel was on fire, and so rapid were the flames, they had scarcely time to get out the boat, and get Mrs. B. and her children into it, when they began to run up the rig-

But all is darkness, all is wrapt in night;
Conceal'd from human and angelic sight;
Or e'er Lavinia sail'd, some friendly power
Had timely sav'd thee from the fatal hour;
Thy parents too had snatch'd thee from thy doom,
From early glory and a watery tomb:
Could they before the fatal hour drew nigh,
Have read thy dreadful, awful destiny:
Ere yet the gallant vessel spread her sail,
Or felt the mighty impulse of the gale;
Ere the sad boat convey'd thee from the shore,
From weeping eyes that never saw thee more: [woes,
They would have snatch'd thee from the approaching
But who the will of sovereign wisdom knows?

ging. Besides Mrs. B. and her three children, there were twenty-seven sailors, mostly passengers, on board, who all crowded into the boat, and sunk her so deep she would hardly swim; hence they were obliged to go before the wind. The weather was very cold, and what increased their miseries they were without food, without fuel, and some of them almost without clothes; in five days, more than twenty of them perished, among whom were Mrs. B. and her children; she was resigned to her fate, and justified the will of God even in this awful crisis. The captain and four men only were saved. On hearing the melancholy event, Mr. Bradley was for a long time in a state of distraction. Lord, how unsearchable are thy ways, past finding out!

Soft was the breeze, and azure was the skies,
Along the waves the painted vessel flies;
Thy heart with hope and transport gaily beat,
To meet thy love, thy own sweet Laveret;
Each prospect brightens as the vessel glides,
But ah! what ills the future moment hides!
The burning vessel opens to my view,
The anxious captain and the frighten'd crew;
I see, I see, the spiry flames arise!
Mount the tall mast, and tremble in the skies!
The night with heavy clouds condensed hung,
The whistling wind in hollow murmurs sung;
The dreary bays, cold rapid billows roar,
And far, Oh! far away the distant shore!
But Oh! what meets my sight, awakes my fears,
Thyself—thy lovely babes all drown'd in tears!
Thoughts upon thoughts within thy bosom roll;
Wring thy fond heart and prey upon thy soul;
Thy husband first engrosses all thy fear,
Thy children next, and then thy parents dear,
Till in succession all before thine eyes,
Friends, brothers, sisters, weeping kindred rise,
And all the blooming prospects which thy age,
The spring of life, and fancy, could presage.

For ever gone, lost at their earliest date;
Dash'd on the rock of stern relentless fate!
But is there not, who reigns enthron'd above,
A gracious Deity, a God of love?
To him appeal, thy overruling friend,
Can brightest bliss with penal evil blend;
Hence when his providence most cruel seems,
The rod with buds, the rock with honey teems.
His book of providence at first is seal'd;
And read by none, to none his wills reveal'd;
Nor till the events have taken place, we know
Our fates and fortunes in this vale below.
So wily penmen with peculiar skill,
And mystic lines, the puzzling letter fill.
Till backward turn'd we read the curious lay,
And every thought is legible as day.
Oft the wide bay thine anxious eyes explore,
In vain to catch some hospitable shore;
Or glancing back on blessings late possess'd,
And all the woman rushes on thy breast;
Then turn'd to heav'n to supplicate relief,
Or on thy children gazing wild with grief.
Thy children, lovely rivals of the sky,
The mother's jewel, and the father's joy.

Heaven mark'd for glory at an early date,
 And this the solemn crisis of their fate.
 Methinks I hear thy heaven-directed prayer,
 "Lord spare my infants, if it please thee, spare,"
 Then frantic clasp them while the bursting sighs,
 Rend her full heart and fill her flowing eyes;
 Till darting downward as a beam of light,
 A beauteous angel strikes her wondering sight,
 Calms all the storm that in her bosom rolls,
 Her mind composes, and her fears controls;
 Points to the radiant skies, and bids her soar
 The unknown height, to realms unseen before,
 Where angels praise, immortal anthems rise.
 And peals of triumph ring the vaulted skies.
 Thus he, Oh sister, heaven's peculiar love,
 The brightest jewels in the realms above,
 Has sent an angel to revive thy hope,
 And mix with drops of joy thy bitter cup.
 See on yon sapphire bright cerulean throne,
 The great, the good, the blest for ever one;
 His high, benign, unerring will revere,
 Who knows and circumscribes thy suff'rings here,
 Who guides the flaming wheels of mighty fate,
 And forms his plans by number, measure, weight,

Who rules the stars, and points the bright career
Of ev'ry glowing orb and dazzling sphere,
Shall justify his ways to thee on high,
And thou extol the counsel of the sky.
To him submit, a little time shall prove
That heaven's riddles are the knots of love;
By wisdom plann'd, by smiling mercy sent,
Some mightier ill to lessen or prevent.
Nor weep thy babes, they gain a dazzling throne,
Far from the ills to which mankind are prone;
In circling light thy precious lambs behold,
See on their temples crowns of gold;
Their garments whiter than Siberian snows,
Their bloom outvies the lily and the rose:
Not mortals now, but lovely cherubs bright,
To hail thee welcome to the realms of light.
Then, O my husband, dost thou softly breathe!
Leave him to God, nor think of aught beneath;
Nor tender parents now distress thy thought,
Tho' thine with soft humanity are fraught:
But raise thy thoughts to him who rules the sky,
Yet wipes the tear from sorrow's glistening eye,
Who hears thy prayers, makes all thy griefs his own,
Thy winged wishes all ascend his throne;

Nor man alone is witness of thy fate;
Heaven knows thy sorrows and prescribes their date;
Else angels would (for angels surely can)
Join their soft sympathies to weeping man,
Swell the big tears that from thy friends shall flow,
And aid their sad variety of woe.
Then cease to mourn, the heavenly vision spake,
Unerring wisdom never can mistake;
And those who Jesus trust, shall ever find
Unbounded goodness cannot be unkind.
This said, the heavenly herald took his flight,
While clouds involving hides him from her sight.
But as he mounted with a parting look,
A soothing stillness thro' her soul he spoke.
And from that moment all emotions cease,
Her troubled spirit finds a sudden peace;
She own'd the power, and ceas'd to wish or fear,
While from her eyeballs drops the final tear.
Yet one sweet thought within her bosom lives,
One thought of tenderness, which God forgives;
Thus to the Captain with an earnestness,
That words can neither copy nor express;
She said, Oh Captain, tell my Leveret!
My best beloved, if you ever meet;

Tell him I love him with my latest breath,
My love is stronger than the bands of death!
Now superlunar joys her thoughts employ,
And faith's strong vision looks beyond the sky,
The earth receding curtains all with night,
Till heaven's refulgence bursts upon her sight.



VERSES INSCRIBED TO THE PREACHERS
IN THE METHODIST CONNEXION.

Incoluni semper amicicia.

Who of twain hath made us one,
Maintains our unity ;
Jesus is the corner-stone,
In whom we all agree.
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind ;
Who can break a threefold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd !...WESLEY.

BAND of brothers, still unite !
Satan shall assault in vain ;
Ye shall conquer in the fight,
Spread and prosper, rise and reign !

Fair economy divine,
Bright the stately columns rise ;
Thou for ages hence shalt shine,
Wonder of the good and wise.

Wise and well the plan was laid,
Mercy fixt the corner-stone;
Never by the gates of hell
Shall the bulwark be o'erthrown!

Let the hoary deist growl,
Let the wise Socinian leer;
Let the narrow bigot scowl,
Simple truth has naught to fear.

Proud philosophy may mock,
From her self-erected throne;
May despise the little flock,
But the Lord protects his own.

Band of brothers, still unite!
Satan shall assault in vain;
Ye shall conquer in the fight,
Spread and prosper, rise and reign!

Distant Islands* near the sun,
Long shall bless your holy zeal;
From the deepest darkness won,
Light, and life, and peace, they feel!

* West-Indies.

Where the Northern shades extend,
 Western Scotia* shall declare
 You her best, her truest friend,
 You have sent salvation there.

Over Erin's pensive plains
 You have shed the light, and broke
 Superstition's gloomy chains,
 Burst in twain the Papal yoke.

Cambria's lofty hills attest,
 Scotland's lowlands wide proclaim,
 That your labours have been blest;
 Praise and glory to the Lamb.

Band of brothers, still unite!
 Satan shall assault in vain;
 Ye shall conquer in the fight,
 Spread and prosper, rise and reign!

Thro' this ample continent,
 Vast immensity of wood;
 Ye the word of life have sent,
 Loud proclaim'd a Saviour's blood.

* Nova-Scotia.

On yon * rock that proudly braves
Gallia's power, and Spanish foes;
Ye have sent the word that saves
Man from never-ending woes.

Ye have bid the desert bloom,
Where the wild fowl builds her nest,
Where the sea-fog spreads its gloom,
O'er yon † Island in the west.

Where the ‡ Gambia pours his tide,
Ye have sent the word of grace:
Tidings of the Crucified,
To the injur'd sable race.

Thousands of the jetty race,
Rise and join your zeal to bless;
Happy in the power of grace,
You the instruments confess.

Band of brothers, still unite;
Satan shall assault in vain;
Ye shall conquer in the fight,
Spread and prosper, rise and reign!

* Gibraltar. — † Newfoundland. — ‡ Sierra Leone.

HUMANITY'S GEM.

A SONNET.

Jesus wept.....JOHN xi. 35.

Lorenzo, hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh,
Or studied the philosophy of tears ?
A science yet unlectur'd in our schools !...YOUNG.

HOW sweet is the tear of regret,
That drops from humanity's eye :
How lovely the cheek that is wet,
And bosom that throbs with a sigh.
This world is a sorrowful stage,
A valley of weeping and woe ;
From childhood to garrulous age,
The tear uninvited will flow.

Our own or another's distress,
Will force the bright lustres to fall;
Nor can the mild bosom do less
Than grieve for the sorrows of all;
For he that has taught to impart,
May at least give the wretched a tear;
'Twill comfort the desolate heart,
When no other comfort is near.

The Saviour in sympathy wept,
And gave the divinest relief;
(When Lazarus mortally slept)
To the sisters o'erwhelmed with grief:
He sorrow'd for Selyma's doom,
As he sat upon Olivet's steep;
He thought on her judgment to come,
And pity constrain'd him to weep.

The seers and the prophets of old,
A noble and heavenly throng,

Were cast in a generous mould,
 With passions for sympathy strong:
 They wept out of pity for man,
 To see him so vile and so base,
 And rivers of sorrow have ran,
 For Adam's degenerate race.

Ah, give me the penitent tear
 That flows from contrition divine!
 It brings the sweet comforter near,
 Of pardon, the pledge and the sign:
 True grief may endure for a night,
 But beauty for ashes shall bloom,
 And sorrow subside to delight,
 When peace, hope, and favour illume.

When after long absence, a friend
 Returns to delight us, and kiss,
 Our tears with our ecstasies blend,
 And sweet the fruition of bliss:

Then gay is the tear of delight,
When rapture the bosom o'erflows,
Like a star on the azure of night,
Or a dew-drop that falls from the rose.



THE MISSION.*

A POEM.

Respectfully and affectionately Inscribed to those zealous young Preachers who feel an ardent desire to display the consecrated cross, and thirst to spread the honours of the Redeemer's name in foreign lands and missionary stations, by their devoted servant, the author.

Prepara te ad pressuras...ST. AUGUSTINE.

ALL hail, belov'd of God, intrepid youth,
Who burn with zeal to live and spread the truth;
Who long to fight where Jesu's banners wave,
The rage of men, the wrath of hell to brave;

* The most successful missionaries of the present day, are Doctor Buchanan and Mr. Marsden, of the church of England. The labours of the former are well known; the latter gentleman has established a most prosperous mission at Port Jackson, New South-Wales. Doctor Cary, and several of his

The mourners sooth, the profligate reclaim,
Exalt the cross, and spread Emmanuel's name.
Wide is the sea on which ye now embark,
And fierce the tempest, yet secure the ark ;
For while ye sail with Jesus at the helm,
No rocks can shipwreck, no proud billows whelm.

colleagues of the Baptist persuasion, have done wonders in the East-Indies, and their faithful labours are beyond all human praise. Doctor Vanderkemp, a venerable missionary, with Mr. Kicherer, and some others, have spread the unsearchable riches of Christ among the Hottentots, at the Cape of Good Hope. The labours of Doctor Coke, and the Methodist and Moravian missionaries, have been divinely blessed through most parts of the West-Indies. Bishop Asbury has, for near fifty years, been a most faithful missionary in the United States ; he has travelled thousands of miles, and has done incalculable good. Mr. William Black has been extensively useful as a missionary in Nova-Scotia and Newfoundland. The Irish and Welsh missionaries under the patronage of the Methodist Conference have been exceedingly active in the vineyard of the Lord ; but to mention the names of all the faithful servants of God employed in missions, would swell this note beyond proper bounds : It is enough that their names are registered on leaves more durable than those of brass, in the Book of God. Mean while how delightful for the Christian mind to contemplate these signs as the dawn of a glorious day ; for in what age was the missionary spirit so prevalent as the present ? There are missionaries in different parts of Africa, in China, the East and West-Indies,

On sea or soil Emmanuel will attend,
 By day to comfort, and by night defend.
 Each toil he'll sweeten, and each foe subdue,
 Will lead the van, and be the rearguard too ;
 Each shifting scene his presence shall beguile,
 Make the rocks bloom, and arid desert smile :
 And whether in a wigwam or a kraal,
 A negro's cottage, or a Rajah's hall ;

in Ceylon, New-Holland, South Sea Islands ; the Bahamas, the Bermudas, and Newfoundland, are in possession of missionaries. Gibraltar and Malta, Prince Edward's Island, Nova-Scotia, and New-Brunswick, benefit by their salutary labours ; also in Upper and Lower Canada, along the banks of the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, and on the borders of the immense Lakes, they have spread the gospel ; Greenland itself has heard the joyful sound ; missions, in conjunction with the efforts making by the Bible Society, may be considered as the grand precursors of Christ's coming. In a little time the Bible will be translated into every language of the polyglot ; and every nation beneath the circle of the sun will have faithful missionaries. Happy state, when all nations shall shout, worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us ; the dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks, shout to each other, and the mountain-top

From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
 Till nation after nation taught the strain,
 Earth rolls the rapturous hosannah round.

Will such a store of solid peace impart,
As shall illumine the eye, and glad the heart.
Grace upon grace will Jesus still bestow,
On each belov'd ambassador below;
And crown their zeal in his adored cause
With thrones of bliss, and infinite applause:
While every soul reclaimed from sin by them,
Shall shine a jewel in their diadem;
Shall sweetly meet them round the emerald throne,
Where every faithful priest shall claim his own.

Yet still on earth, while wicked mortals sway,
A faithful preacher has a thorny way:
Against both wind, and tide, and waves, to swim,
Requires the double strength of heart and limb.
Have you, my brethren, I would meekly ask,
Have you the courage to perform the task?
With happy talents to adorn your zeal,
A head to reason, and a heart to feel?
Have you a firmness every toil to dare?
A body each vicissitude can bear?
A love to sinners, no reverse can damp?
Then run, haste, fly, and storm the devil's camp!

Display Emmanuel's banner wide and far,
Think of the cross, and wage offensive war.

May every active grace your warfare aid,
The shield of faith, bright helm and battle-blade;
A sword in many a well-fought conflict tried,
Till every warrior's vest in blood was dyed:
And though each devil, man and sin oppose,
A shield that will avert a host of foes.
If you, my friends, Emmanuel's army lead,
Conquer must be the motto of your creed;
A lion's courage, and a seraph's fire,
Must nerve your arm, your upright hearts inspire;
The truth is mighty, plunge into the war,
And be your watch-word **CHRIST** the conqueror.

Beware of man, nor think of sloth and rest,
Dash each self-pleasing demon from your breast;
Compel ease-loving nature to comply,
Let firmness reign, and silky softness die.
A mission is no paradise of ease,
Here little blooms a carnal mind to please:
Ye priests effeminate, desist, avaunt,
Ye hate the cross, yet still the office want.

These frozen alps, and stormy seas to pass,
Demand a dauntless mind, a soul of brass;
A man whose zeal will every danger brave,
'The meek to gladden, and the lost to save :
A Xavier, Brainerd, Asbury, or Coke,
Who firm as anvils to the frequent stroke :
Not lost in softness, nor seduc'd by gold,
But meekly zealous, and serenely bold.

'Tis sweet to pass a flower enamel'd vale,
Or walk on cowslips through a sunny dale,
Where rivers gently glide, and roses bloom,
The groves all music, and the breeze perfume :
For though your breast with hallowed ardour burns,
And joy and love exhilarate by turns,
Yet doubtless you the strong attractions prize,
Of honour, letters, wealth, and friendship's ties;
Of ample chapels, and of pulpits neat,
The splendid parlour, and refreshing treat;
The eloquence to thunder, or to draw,
As the mild gospel bids, or fiery law :
Then add, to sweeten every public toil,
The raptur'd audience, and the fair one's smile;

Alternate labours, and delightful ease,
Books, some to profit, and a few to please;
With now and then a leisure hour to spend,
In rural walks, or converse with a friend.
All this is pleasant, and a few may find
Their happy wish, and easy station join'd.
But ah! to live beneath inclement skies,
Where lions roar, and horrid tempests rise;
Where all around presents a dreary waste,
Beat by the rain, and ravag'd by the blast:
Or thus to feel, in lieu of ease and rest,
Those downy pillows grateful to the breast;
Toil, ceaseless toil, grief, weakness, conflict, pain,
To wear away life's springs, its vigour drain;
By day to labour, but when day shall close,
And the sunk body needs serene repose,
With something to refresh the weary frame,
Renew the strength and feed the vital flame;
To rest upon the bare cold ground, and make
Your meal of water and a barley cake.
Yet still to bear abasement with a smile,
And with a look to Jesus, every toil,
In lieu of honour, scorn, and for respect
Imbitter'd calumny and mark'd neglect.

Torn from the sweet society of those
Who felt your anguish, and reliev'd your woes:
Perhaps your strength, your fortitude decay'd,
When most afflicted you require their aid.
Your lofty chapels now a negro's hut,
Where few respectables will set their foot;
Your pulpit an old stool, a foot or higher,
Yourself responder, chanter, priest, and choir:
Your audience but a double score at most,
Part black, the rest unfeeling as a post;
Hence doom'd to cultivate a sterile soil,
Where little fruit rewards the tiller's toil;
Scorn'd by the rich, the men of power and place,
And follow'd only by the poor and base;
Esteem'd a rank enthusiast by the great,
Perhaps a madman, spy, deceiver, cheat.
Caution must dictate every step you take,
And though you sleep, keep all your prudence wake.
The hasty man must keep his temper cool,
The strong seem weak, the wise become a fool:
The touchy soul a holy stoic grow,
The feeble vig'rous, and the lofty low:
For ere your labours can avail at all,
The brazen walls of prejudice must fall.

Join the dove's meekness with the serpent's art,
 Please if you can the whole, and save a part;
 Each little error patiently remove,
 By wary skill, and meek-enduring love.
 A lady's hand, an eagle's piercing eye,
 Must the keen lance, or lenitive apply,
 Love point the shaft, zeal bid the arrow fly.

Nor this alone, you must awhile forget
 All knowledge but the christian alphabet;
 First principles must doubtless be imprest
 Ere the weak mind can comprehend the rest.
 Believe me, brethren, it requires to fill
 A mission right, no common gifts and zeal:
 'Tis not alone a voyage long and rough,
 Though this to timid minds is bad enough;
 Nor all the hoary dangers of the deep,
 Where reefs extend, and foamy billows sleep:
 'Tis not unwholesome fare, the humid bed,
 The blinding snow-drift, or the birch-back shed;
 The want of study, or the want of rest,
 Or knowledge, jewel of the pious breast;
 'Tis not the arctic ice, nor tropic blaze,
 Nor all the perils of the land or seas;

The scorching dog-star, and the freezing pole,
May touch the clod, the immaterial soul :
Secure amidst the elemental strife,
May smile at all the outward ills of life ;
Retire within herself, and sweetly taste
The joys of Eden in a diurnal waste.
But can you, O my junior brethren, bear
The fiery conflicts of internal war ?
Forego the claims of sweet respect, and brook
A snappish manner and an angry look ?
When sorrows rise, and oppositions roll,
And men afflict the body, God the soul ;
Can you in that distressing crisis stand,
And write, amen, with firm untrembling hand ?
Cast on the bleeding cross, and that alone,
When every hope, and every help is flown :
Or sink in silent resignation sweet,
And calm submission at Jehovah's feet.
Can you, but young in this offensive war,
Baffle the sophist's wiles, the sceptic's snare ?
Maintain your ground alone, and undismay'd,
Who never fought without a foreign aid ?
Can you the arts of wily men detect,
And treat the foes of God with meek respect ?

When pride or folly fill the seaman's chair,
Can you the sneer of pride and folly bear;
Pity the wretches, nor refuse the lie?
A noble silence is the best reply.
If call'd to vindicate the truth, can you
Feel zeal for God, and holy meekness too?
Nor storm, nor fret, to bolster up a creed;
Does Jesu's work the wrath of mortals need?
And should your hopes of great successes die,
And clouds and darkness veil your summer sky;
Can you with sweet humility look up,
Kiss the rough rod, and drink the bitter cup?
To gusts of wild volition say, be still,
And brook a self-waged warfare on the will!
Bear evil tidings with a cheerful grace,
Forego respect, and choose the lowest place;
Till patience every headstrong passion sway
And nature's quick and fiery steeds obey?

O for that zeal which fir'd the holy few!
Who o'er the Roman world with ardour flew;
Expos'd to persecution's fiery storm,
And ills that wore the most terrific form;

Racks, prisons, lions, men and friends agreed,
To storm their patience, and to shake their creed:
But vain the task, their breasts were fortified,
Not with the stoic's philosophic pride;
Not, with the desp'rate, Chactaw's frantic smile,
Who mocks the foes that revel round his pile;
Not with the hero's fire, the robber's plea,
Nor the blind Bramin's stupid apathy:
But with such sweetness, faith and fortitude,
As oft their tiger foes awhile subdued,
And made the tyrant's rage a shorter way
To crowns of glory and immortal day.



**WEST-INDIA LOGIC, OR NEGROES HAVE
NO SOULS.**

I would not have a slave, to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him....COWLEY.

BECAUSE their skin is black as ink or coals,
Have injured negroes no immortal souls !
If they are bought and sold at every mart
As drudging beasts, have they no better part ?
'Tis thy detested avarice has made
The selling human flesh a legal trade ;
And if a qualm should twinge thee from within,
And something whispers 'tis a cruel sin ;
'Tis answered with a blasphemy as ever fell,
As ever issued from the pit of hell ;

“ They are but cattle, born to drudge and toil,
To boil the sugar, or to hoe the soil !”
Proud white-man, cease to blame their sable skin,
Has the dark casket no pure pearl within ?
Are they not made in God’s own image, say ?
And form’d and fashion’d with the self-same clay
As thee and other men ? then why contest
The spark divine that glows within their breast ?
If the immortal Limner ting’d thee white,
And him as black as ebony or night ;
A skin of purest ivory or jet,
Is no true test of heaven’s love or hate.
A black man’s heart may be as white and fair
As polar snows or cherubs’ garments are ;
While thine as black as hell, and stain’d within,
Belies the lily-whiteness of thy skin :
Jehovah looks within, he only knows
Whose black as ink, or white as polar snows.
Weak man is much more partial in his view,
And only minds the body’s state or hue ;
The skin is all he cares about, the rest
Though half a Lucifer and half a beast ;
If rich, well dress’d, and gay, ’twill all go down,
The poor black slave alone endures his frown.

'Tis not the precious soul, th' immortal gem,
 The casket only merits his esteem,
 Hence, as their state is mean, their skin is dark,
 He'll not allow his slaves a vital spark.
 But tell me white-man, is not this a plea
 To gloss thy sin, thy brutal cruelty?
 Allow'd a negro's soul were all a jest,
 We owe compassion to the meanest beast.
 Perhaps vain mortal, 'tis thy shocking pride,
 That sets his immortality aside;
 Or else thy fears deny his future state,
 Lest thou shouldst meet thy slave at heaven's gate.
 At heaven's gate! thou canst not bear the thought,
 That one so basely sold, so cheaply bought,
 Should be a tenant of immortal bliss,
 Which possibly his haughty lord may miss.
 Mayhap thy doubts suggest a judgment seat,
 Where thou thy lacerated slave shalt meet;
 Before a judge inexorably just,
 To answer for thy cruelty and lust.
 Some of thy injured slaves may then appear,
 Whiter than snow-drops on the early year;
 Not whipp'd, and tied, not brutalized, and sold,
 A starry diadem their heads infold;

And purest robes of dazzling light invest,
The pious African by thee oppress.
O bright reverse of all their former woe !
The whip, hard fare, and toil-compelling hoe :
No longer dragg'd to break the burning soil,
Suffering and want, companions of their toil :
No longer sold as human merchandise,
To weep, and work, and sweat for pamper'd vice :
All this is over, they are free at last,
Their bliss is come, the tyrant planter's past.
But, monster ! not to thee their thanks are due,
Nor thy inhuman negro-driving crew ;
Thou hast oppos'd this bliss with hellish spite,
Thou hast refus'd the negro sacred light ;
Thou hast, to prove intelligence a clod,
Denied thy negroes all access to God ;
Repress'd each anxious wish their hearts might feel,
For present bliss, and everlasting weal ;
And made as lust or avarice might suggest,
Thy slave a mindless sod, machine, or beast.
'Twas Coke, the man of God, the friend of man,
On the blest Godlike errand nobly ran ;
He felt to see a brother thus deprest,
He felt, and said, the negro shall be blest.

Croost the wide western waves with words of grace,
 To cheer these outcasts of the human race;
 Display the balm of heaven's immortal love,
 And point from man below to God above.



THE SALE OF SLAVES, OR A GOOD
BARGAIN.*

Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But though theirs they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold:
Is there as ye sometimes tell us?
Is there one who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us;
Speaking from his throne, the sky?...COWPER.

MONSTER, check thy scurril clack,
She thy mother's sister is;
Though her polish'd skin is black,
She's an heir of endless bliss.

* On being at a sale of furniture in Bermuda, several blacks were put up at auction, when the unfeeling auctioneer told his auditors to bid away, as the slave he was selling, (a pensive looking dejected young woman) was not so dear as butcher's meat.

If she be a child of Ham,
 She's a child of Adam's race;
 Marble man, O blush for shame!
 If a blush can stain thy face.

Did I say she was thy kin?
 Will she thank me for the tie?
 Though thou boast a whiter skin,
 Blacker is thy moral die!

Is a soul design'd for bliss,
 On the shambles to be sold?
 At a crime so black as this,
 God of love, my blood runs cold!

In thy lovely image made,
 Ransom'd by the cross divine;
 Shall we, Oh forbid the trade,
 Buy and sell a child of thine!

O base avarice of gold!
 Sorest curse beneath thee run;
 Pen of man can ne'er unfold
 Half the evils thou hast done.

Look upon her woolly hair,
Look upon her sable skin;
Reason, honour, truth declare,
Slavery a diabolical sin.

Hast thou reason? so has she;
Warm affections she can glow;
Dost thou weep at misery?
See her tears already flow.

If of eloquence possessed,
Thou art rais'd above the brute;
Call'd to this peculiar test,
She is neither dumb nor mute.

Hast thou an immortal mind?
She has too a vital spark,
For a nobler life design'd,
Though her polish'd skin is dark.

What a foe is man to man,
Tigers are not half so fell:
Name a monster if you can,
Acts the monster's part so well.

Blood is now a human trade,
 Murder, cruelty, and hate;
 Now the bullet, then the blade,
 End his life, and seal his fate.

We have slav'd the human race,
 Sunk the mortal to a brute;
 Tumbled manhood from its place,
 To get sugar, rum, and fruit.

Sweet our coffee, sweet our tea,
 But in bitterness of soul,
 Many a wretch has pin'd away,
 To ameliorate the bowl.

Still we love the sparkling glass,
 Though it cost a negro's groans;
 But to negro's woes, alas!
 We are obdurate as stones!

O Omnipotence of love!
 Rise and crush the hellish trade;
 Look in mercy from above,
 Send the injur'd negro aid.

Sooner may the ocean's tide
Whelm each Island in the waves,
Than the luxury or pride,
Of the rich solicit slaves.



THE CONVERTED MULATTOES, OR EN-
RAGED JUNTO.*

SAYS the Judge to the Colonel, dear Colonel, I say,
The Methodist dogs get our lasses away;
Our lovely mulattoes and sweet jolly lasses
Will all be undone by their canting grimaces.

Yesterday my dear Molly sigh'd sadly and said,
It griev'd her to think what an ill life she led;
She blubber'd, and whin'd about stuff and salvation,
Till I swore she was mad, and got into a passion.

* The following dialogue was written extempore from an authentic circumstance; a lively Methodist missionary in the Island of T—d, had awakened some mulatto girls, in the keeping of several official characters, which so exasperated the gentlemen, that they contrived to send God's minister to prison for the terrible crime.

Some have said Paul was beheaded for converting one of Nero's favourite women.

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So I met the damn'd parson, and told him right roundly,
If he preach'd any more so I'd drub him most soundly;
But he like a canting knave told me he'd do it,
I shook my cane at him, rascal, sirrah, you'll rue it.

And now, my dear Colonel, some method let's fall on,
Or this devil will stamp, threaten, wheedle, and bawl on,
Will rob us of all our mulattoes, I swear it,
But confound the vile babbler, there's no one can bear it.

I'll go to old H—p,* and tell him forsooth,
For they say he has still a most lickish tooth;
To watch his mulattoes, it has been asserted,
They'll slip through his fingers, and all get converted.

But stay, a good notion has enter'd my head,
I may but have dream'd it, or has it been said;
These rascally parsons will kindle sedition,
And therefore to stop them I'll quickly petition.

Yes, dam'em, petition, says the Colonel with speed,
Or else they'll sedition or something worse feed;
Their cant, and their clamour, there is no enduring,
For the villains launch out against drinking and wh—g.

* The Governor.

Had I my own way, I would tip them a bullet,
 'Tis the best recipe for a noisy man's gullet;
 For were they allow'd to go on with their ranting,
 The Island would echo with whining and canting.

So betwixt the gay Colonel and head of the bench,
 Who lov'd his full bottle, his cards, and his wench;
 The parson was sent to the jail in a trice, sir:
 To repent of converting mulattoes from vice, sir.



THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

**AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE REV. FREEBORN
GARRETTSON.**

God gives the word, the preachers throng around!
Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound;
That sound bespeaks salvation on its way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day:
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines:
And in the gulfs of her cornubian mines;
And still it spreads, see Germany send forth,
Her sons to pour it on the farthest north;
Fired with a zeal peculiar they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky;
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's Rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows....COWPER.

BRIGHTER glows the day of grace,
Wider spreads the happy sound,
Ev'ry land and ev'ry place,
Shall with gospel bliss abound.

Africa, so long forlorn,
Jesus now will richly bless,
With salvation's joyful morn,
Tidings of delightful grace.

Every toil-degraded slave,
Bow'd beneath oppression's rod,
Bleeding clemency shall save;
Lead the Africans to God.

Now the wilderness shall bloom,
Truth, and peace, and love abound;
Lybia's darkest wilds illumine,
Glad the desert shall resound,

China, through her vast extent,
Shall the bleeding cross adore ;
Millions of her sons repent,
Worship Idol Fo, no more.

Wider still the word shall roll,
Where the Tartar hordes reside;
All Siberia to the pole,
Celebrate the Crucified.

Turkey land shall soon submit,
And the cross the crescent sway;
Bring the Arab to his feet,
Make the Musselman obey.

Brammah's millions shall rejoice,
All the Asiatic race,
Bless the Lamb with heart and voice,
Taste the sweets of gospel grace.

All the islands of the deep,
In the mild or burning zone,
Shall behold the lambs and weep,
Bending at a Saviour's throne,

News of Jesus shall invade
Mighty lakes, and forests cheer;
Penetrate yon sylvan shade,*
Strike the auburn Indian's ear.

From the icy arctic shores,
To the Patagonian Isle,†
Where the Southern Ocean roars,
Truth shall spread o'er sea and soil.

* America. † Terra del Fuego.

Now the lion is a dove,
He a saint who savage was;
Jesu's all victorious love
Brings the golden age to pass.



TO MARY.

A PARTING THOUGHT.

Hail wedded love!
Thou only bliss that hast surviv'd the fall.

MARY, when first the boat the vessel left,
My bleeding bosom was with anguish cleft;
As swift receding from my eager view,
My all of bliss and joy seem'd gone with you:
And when you gave the last, last parting look,
Or more remote, the milk-white 'kerchief shook;
It printed deep the farewell on my heart,
And taught how bitter with a wife to part.
A wife so loving, so belov'd, and dear,
Who feels the loss, may drop the tender tear;
May know like me that separation brings
To tender hearts the sharpest, keenest stings.
Your final tears, they said, or seem'd to say,
Think of me, love, when I am far away;

Think of me, love, and bid thy fears be gone,
 Think of me, love, though absent, we are one.
 Nor time, nor place, nor life, nor death, can part
 Th' indissoluble tie that binds the heart :
 Mountains may rise between, and oceans roll,
 And distance sever far as pole from pole ;
 But the affections with a bound can spring
 To the dear object, and delighted cling ;
 While fancy paints each former scene anew,
 And makes ideal bliss resemble true.

Our lambs, dear pledges, how my bleeding heart
 Yearn'd with distress with those sweet buds to part ;
 To me more dear than mines of gold they are,
 Or the bright diamonds high-born ladies wear ;
 Nor would I part with you and them for all
 The gold and gems on this terraqueous ball ;
 For you and them I pour my breathing soul,
 And count the flying moments as they roll ;
 My ardent prayers have wing'd their flight for thee,
 Through all thy changing courses on the sea :
 For every wind that blows, to blow as fair
 As you, my love, would wish, if I were there :

And waft thee onward to the destin'd place,
And the warm thrillings of thy friend's embrace.
Well, though divided many a watery mile,
This soothing thought the absence can beguile;
That we are each in his almighty hand,
Who calms the ocean and pervades the land:
He doubtless will unite us once again,
No more to mourn a separating main;
But taste the mutual pleasures God imparts,
To gracious souls, and love-united hearts.



A BLACK MAN'S PLEA,

"AM NOT I A BROTHER."

AH, why should a white man despise
A brother of African race ?
Ah, why should his enmity rise,
If a black man but enter the place ?
Sure there will be negroes above,
As white as the purest of lime ;
In the regions of heavenly love,
Will be natives of every clime.

The Jew and the Gentile will there,
With rapture and pleasure embrace ;
The free and the captive may share
The sweets of that heavenly place :
There all the redeemed shall dwell,
And form'd by a friendship divine,
The sweet hallelujahs shall swell,
And through all eternity shine.

If wash'd in the blood of the Son,
If robes of salvation they wear,
The nations of every 'zone
Shall have their blest delegates there :
For Europe its millions shall send,
While favour'd America vies
With Asia and Afric to bend,
And people the dazzling skies.

If sable and dusky our skin,
We are not to blame for the deed ;
If deeply defiled by sin,
The more a salvation we need ;
We need, and the Saviour hath died
To save the poor African race,
Nor will he reject us through pride,
Or blame for our colour or face.

If all be invited to come,
Have we not a part of the call ?
The Saviour invites, there is room,
He bled and he suffer'd for all.
No respecter of persons he is,
For every nation and name,

May taste of the heavenly bliss,
And follow the crucified Lamb.

Though we are benighted and blind,
A captive illiterate race,
The Saviour is loving and kind,
And free and extensive his grace.
No riches or honour have we,
No learning, no wisdom to bring,
Yet mercy for us is as free
As 'tis for a prince or a king.

And mercy is all that we want,
To make us both happy and wise ;
Thy fulness of mercy, O grant,
Thou King of the star-paved skies.
Are we not the work of thy hands,
The purchase of Jesus's blood ?
O save the poor African bands,
Thou Son of Jehovah, our God.



AN INVOCATION TO PITY.*

The generous mind is not confin'd
But spreads itself abroad through all the public,
And feels for every member of the land....YOUNG.

HASTE, soft Pity ! gentle passion,
Tear-ey'd maiden come to me;
Bring thy sweetest, near relation,
Mildest, meek-ey'd Charity :
Touch my heart with tender anguish,
Others' sorrows to declare;
All that makes the wretched languish,
Honest poverty must bear.

Ye who rob'd in ease and plenty,
Bask in fortune's brightest smile;

* Written after the author had been visiting some families who were in deep distress in the depth of winter.

Costly clothing, viands dainty,
Rose and myrtle, wine and oil;
Wrapt in tender, soothing pity,
Hear me touch each mournful string;
Listen to my plaintive ditty,
Rich men listen while I sing.

Let me lead to mansions dreary,
Cheerless haunts of care and woe;
Where the wretched, sickly, weary,
Feel misfortune's sorest blow :
See that orphan's pale complexion,
Rags unclean his best attire;
Give the wretched boy protection,
Send his mother food and fire.

They were once in happy station,
Gratified with wealth and ease,
In the florid walks of fashion,
Riches flew on every breeze;
Till misfortune, (so heaven intended,
Who prescribes the lot of all,)
Every benefit suspended,
Chang'd the honey into gall.

Fortune's fickle like our lunar,
He to day that's rich and great,
By to-morrow, or much sooner,
May become the sport of fate.
All with which you're now delighted,
(If the Lord has so decreed,)
Ere the night fall may be blighted,
You may want a friend in need.

Then employ the fleeting minute,
Give a portion of your wealth;
You shall find a blessing in it,
Comfort, peace, success, and health:
Heaven's bank shall reimburse you,
Swift the widow's pray'r shall rise;
Never shall the poor man curse you,
You'll have treasure in the skies.

See the driving drifts a blowing,
Tempests scolding o'er the plain;
Colder—and still—colder growing,
Winter has begun his reign:
Hark!—pray hark!—the cry comes nearer,
Whistling tempests cease to howl;

Hark!—pray hark!—the sound is clearer,
How the accents—pierce the soul.

Want!—ah give!—tears!—speak the other,
Rich men, have you hearts of steel?
Kind emotions will you smother,
'Tender passions never feel?
Down the manly cheek of sorrow
Let the pearly eye-drops fall;
Mine may be your case—to-morrow
Want and pain on you may call.

Give!—ah give!—my wants are greedy,
Spare my tears—to tell my state;
Heaven is kind!—though I am needy,
May you never meet my fate!
Hark! the chilling blasts of winter,
Whistle round my lowly cot;
While cold and hunger—stern companions,
Are its wretched master's lot.

Bit by want, by cold, and sorrow,
Worn by sickness, pain, and care;

Asham'd to beg, too poor to borrow ;
Spare my blushes, rich man, spare :
Pray forestall my sad petition,
Heaven shall kindly deal by you ;
If you were in my condition,
I would freely do so too.

Our Emmanuel's natal morning,
Comes to bless our closing year ;
Winter's face with smiles adorning,
Heavenly blessings—earthly cheer !
Jesus, he was all compassion,
Rich men, ye should kindness show ;
Jesus died for our salvation,
Rich men should with pity glow.



APPENDIX.

Page 18. *Where gallant Sommers, half the ocean past,
Found an assylum from the waves at last.]*

IT is not the case, as is generally supposed, that Sir George Sommers was shipwrecked on the Bermudas. On a voyage to Virginia, his vessel, the Sea Venture, met a tremendous storm in crossing the latitude of 32, and became so leaky, they were obliged to pump night and day to avoid sinking; and in this deplorable situation made the Bermudas; which afforded a most happy deliverance from the horrors of a submarine grave. Sir George, after this sailed for Virginia: returned to Bermuda; where finally he ended the voyage of life, and was buried in St. George. His grave-stone is still seen in the Governor's Garden.

Page 34. *If thy spring is unpleasant, thy winter severe.]*
Notwithstanding any thing that may appear to the contrary on the face of this poem, Nova-Scotia is a most productive, healthful climate; this peninsula, extending from the Gut of Canso to the Bay of Fundy, has many fine settlements and rich land. It abounds with most of the necessaries of life, and many things that would be deemed luxuries of the first class in England. It is indented with bays, and intersected with many fine rivers. The inhabitants are industrious, polite, and hospitable; the roads are pretty good, the government remarkably liberal: perhaps it is one of the best countries for a poor man in the world. The principal difficulties are the severity of the winters, and the want of a more extensive population; but this last difficulty is obviating very fast, as the emigrations from Great-Britain are numerous and the natural increase perhaps greater in proportion than in most other countries. There are several pretty towns, as Halifax, the Capital, Windsor, Horton, Annapolis, Digby, Liverpool, Shelburne, Manchester, Truro, and a number of others.

Page 46. *As pious in the parlour, though 'tis rare,
As if the pulpit were erected there.]*

A good minister should preach in the pulpit, the parlour, and the street. Parlour piety is as necessary as pulpit eloquence. It is a sad thing after having spoken with gravity in the desk to trifle in the parlour, and indulge in levity and facetiousness.

“ Some decent in demeanor while they preach;
That task performed relapse into themselves,
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoever was edified themselves were not.”

Page 47. *Sweet tree, I behold in thy bloom,
An elegant type of my soul.]*

The Christian may derive abundant instruction from the vegetable kingdom, the weeping-willow shall resemble a penitent mourner—the barren fig-tree an hardened sinner—the fruitful vine, and beautiful apple-tree, a happy believer—the sturdy oak a steadfast Christian—the Bohan Upas and deadly night shade a poisonous profligate—the lofty Pine, stately Cedar, and tall palmeto may remind him of the beautiful uprightness of a growing saint—while the bending Osier may show him the danger of too much pliability—thus he may see teachers in trees, books in the running stream, sermons in stones, and God in every thing.

Page 59. *Ave Marias will not save.]*—The poor superstitious Roman Catholic seamen, both Portuguese and Spanish. pray to the Virgin Mary in a storm, and not unfrequently to a swarm of other saints.

Page 68. *Thus a rose-leaf, gnat or feather,
Can our worldly comforts wither.]*

It is hardly possible to express how great a draw-back in tropical climates, Mosquitoes, Jighers, and Cockroaches are upon the comforts of life; a jigher burrowing in your foot, a cockroach buzzing about your ears, or a Mosquito biting your nose, are all tormenting.

Page 72. *No, the rage of cruel men.*—This is not the general character of the Inhabitants of Bermuda. They are mostly, except in the town of St. George, very humane and indulgent to their slaves, treating them in some cases as children; this is particularly so in the little town of Hamilton and parish of Spanish Point; hence the black people are frequently much attached to their owners. I am happy to have it in my power to bear a respectable testimony to the worth, humanity, and hospitality of this part of the Bermudian Archipelago, but there are nevertheless cruel persons in other parts of the Island.

Page 88. *Celestial equity is not forgot.*—Verily there is a retaliating providence. Since the imprisonment of John Stephenson, for preaching the gospel in Bermuda, the speaker of the House of Assembly that made the execrable Law, worthy of a Nero, or bloody Maria, has by the Governor been unjustly imprisoned in the same jail. Truly there is a God that marketh the ways of men.

Page 109. *Band of Brothers, still unite.*—The cause of God among the Methodists is one of those circumstances that clearly evinces an auspicious providence. The first Methodist Society was formed in London, in the year 1739; since that period what has God wrought? There are now nearly 400,000 in Society in Great-Britain and America; More than a thousand travelling, and full 2000 local preachers. They have missions in the West-Indies, Nova-Scotia, Newfoundland, Bermudas, the Bahamas, Gibraltar, Sierra Leone, Upper and Lower Canada, Prince Edward's Island, and New Brunswick. We cannot look for the cause of their prosperity in the arm of power, nor yet in the abundance of riches. With regard to the former, they have frequently been persecuted, and are to this day; and relative to the